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Collier's

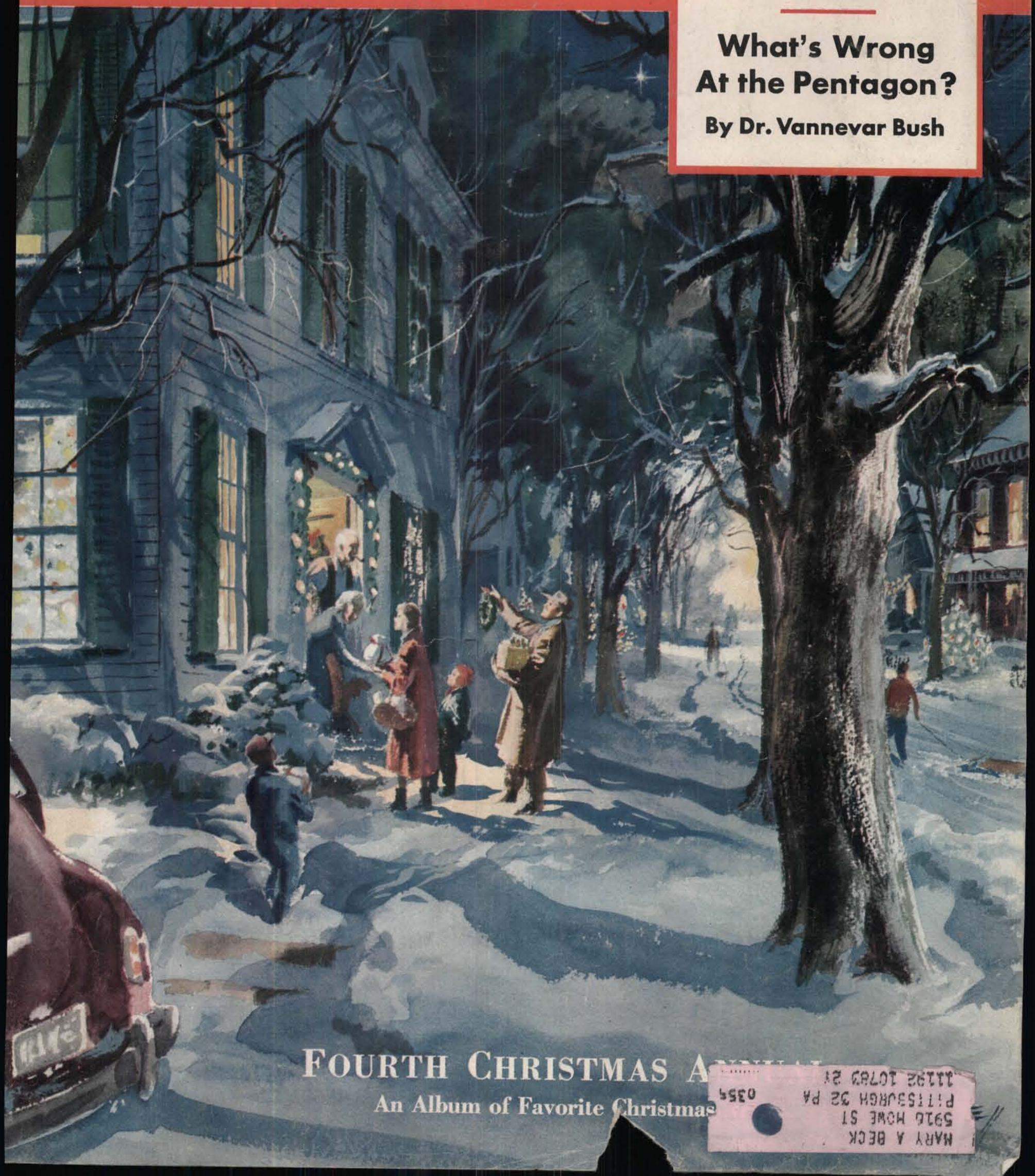
DECEMBER 27, 1952 • FIFTEEN CENTS

Adventure in the FARAWAY FIJIS

By Lowell Thomas, Jr.

What's Wrong At the Pentagon?

By Dr. Vannevar Bush



FOURTH CHRISTMAS A

An Album of Favorite Christmas

MARY A BECK
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PITTSBURGH 32 PA
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Some like it sweet...

Some like it dry...

Some like it Half and Half...

Find out why!

SO MODERN...*this* bright new idea that's sweeping the country! It's delightfully *light* ... and downright *delicious.* Try Martini & Rossi Vermouth "on-the-rocks" yourself — and taste why so many smart people are serving it today! Yes! find out why it's great when you drink it straight!

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MARTINI & ROSSI

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A whole Company of Marines said "THANKS"

How a group of telephone women helped to make it a Merry Christmas for the men in Korea

Santa's suit was made by a South Korean who had never seen or heard of Santa Claus. South Koreans also took turns in drawing the jeep trailer.

Helping others to have a Merry Christmas is a tradition among telephone people. In recent years there has been an increasing number of gifts for those in the service.

One group of telephone women observed last Christmas by sending a holiday package to every man in Company E of the 1st Marines in Korea. They adopted this company in remembrance of Corporal Richard E. deVilliers, a gallant fellow-worker who was killed in action while serving with Company E.

Members of the TEVS, *the Telephone Employees Volunteer Service in San Francisco, holding the scroll of thanks from the Marines. It is one of their proudest possessions.*

You can imagine what happened when all those packages arrived.

The boys made quite an occasion of it. There was much scurrying around to get a Santa Claus suit. None was available but finally they found a South Korean who could sew and the job was completed after a lot of picture drawing and explaining. Then Santa was mounted on a jeep trailer and drawn along in state.

After the packages were opened, a scroll of appreciation was signed by every member of the company and sent back to this country. More than two hundred of the men wrote letters of thanks.

"Your kindness," wrote their Captain, "brought happiness to the hearts of a group of Marines, many of whom were spending their first Christmas away from home."

It all turned out so well that it was decided to do the same thing again this year. So hundreds of packages are again on their way across the seas to help make it a Merry Christmas in Korea.

THIS IS JUST ONE OF MANY WAYS in which telephone people in many communities say "Merry Christmas."

Whether it's dressing dolls for orphaned children, or contributing trees and turkeys and baskets of food, telephone men and women are spurred by the desire to be helpful. Through all the year they try to keep good will and The Voice With The Smile in telephone service.

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

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NEXT WEEK

For the First Time

Field Marshal Von Rundstedt's

Own Story of the

BATTLE OF THE BULGE

Eight years ago this month, three full German armies sprang out of the bleak Ardennes Forest. From nowhere, Hitler had resurrected his blitzkrieg machinery. The Germans fell upon the unsuspecting, unprepared Allies. Our casualties were immense—56,000 Americans alone were killed or wounded. Eisenhower said that, compared with the Bulge, the savage Tunisian battle for Kasserine Pass "was a mere skirmish." The German assault was a complete surprise—in timing, in strength and in place of attack. It was a surprise because it didn't make sense. Who conceived the suicidal attack of December, 1944? What did the Germans hope to accomplish by it? Collier's next week brings you the answers for the first time—the German version of the Battle of the Bulge—the full account of the man who carried it out, Field Marshal Gerd von Rundstedt.

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Complete

IN NEXT WEEK'S

Collier's

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December 27, 1952

AN ALBUM OF FAVORITE CHRISTMAS ART

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The characters in all stories and serials in this magazine are purely imaginary. No reference or allusion to any living person is intended.

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The Cover

For the fourth year in a row, John Pike has set our Christmas scene in the artists' colony of Woodstock, New York. He admits to be extremely sentimental about this season of the year and more than prejudiced about the hospitality of the town in question. In addition, he vividly recalls Christmases in such war-blacked-out places as Italy and Egypt and is painting his best to make up for them. So far as we're concerned, he's doing it very well.

Week's Mail

Answers to a Reader

EDITOR: No doubt there are thousands of GIs who will be pleasantly surprised to learn that the U.S. Army Pfc is better paid than the average civilian worker. This little gem of wisdom was contained in a letter to Week's Mail of Nov. 15th, penned by L. Mitchell.

I am sure that any Pfc would gladly trade places with Mitchell or any of the rest of the underpaid civilian workers. After buying the usual new car, home and television set, they would be only too happy to contribute toward the princely salary which Mitchell would receive as a Pfc.

HARRY R. MEAD, Seattle, Wash.

. . . A Pfc draws $99 a month and his food and bedding. By the time he is a Pfc he must buy his own clothes. He is allowed $5 a month for clothing and no more. If you don't have socks and you have used up that *large* clothing allowance, you buy it yourself or do without!

Another thing: about taxes. An Army man has to pay the same taxes as a civilian does. We help pay our own way through these taxes.

PVT. LEONARD F. SUTTON,
Fort Lee, Va.

. . . What kind of a country is this whose citizens consider a man's life in terms of salary? We would not trade two years of preparation for the future or two years for the privilege of being close to our loved ones for all the gold in Fort Knox, but we will gladly die for our country for nothing, if need be.

Pvt. ROBERT D. DICKENSON, U. S. A.,
A/3C DWIGHT C. JENKINS, USAF,
Pfc JAMES B. LATIMER, USMC,
Fort Belvoir, Va.

. . . I encounter quite a few people who think that service personnel are literally rolling in wealth. The funny thing is that when they are pinned down, not one can give the salary of these men, but just know that it's too much.

I am not arguing for a pay raise, but I do think that those who are asked to give so much should at least receive some respect and gratitude from those who only sit at home, encountering no real danger. MRS. H. R. GORDON,
Barksdale Air Force Base, La.

. . . I am an office manager for an insurance company in Spokane. We employ several girls who have husbands in the armed forces. Their combined income is hardly sufficient to enable them to have a place to live and food to eat. Perhaps this is a life of luxury and extravagance.

If L. Mitchell is not too old, he or she

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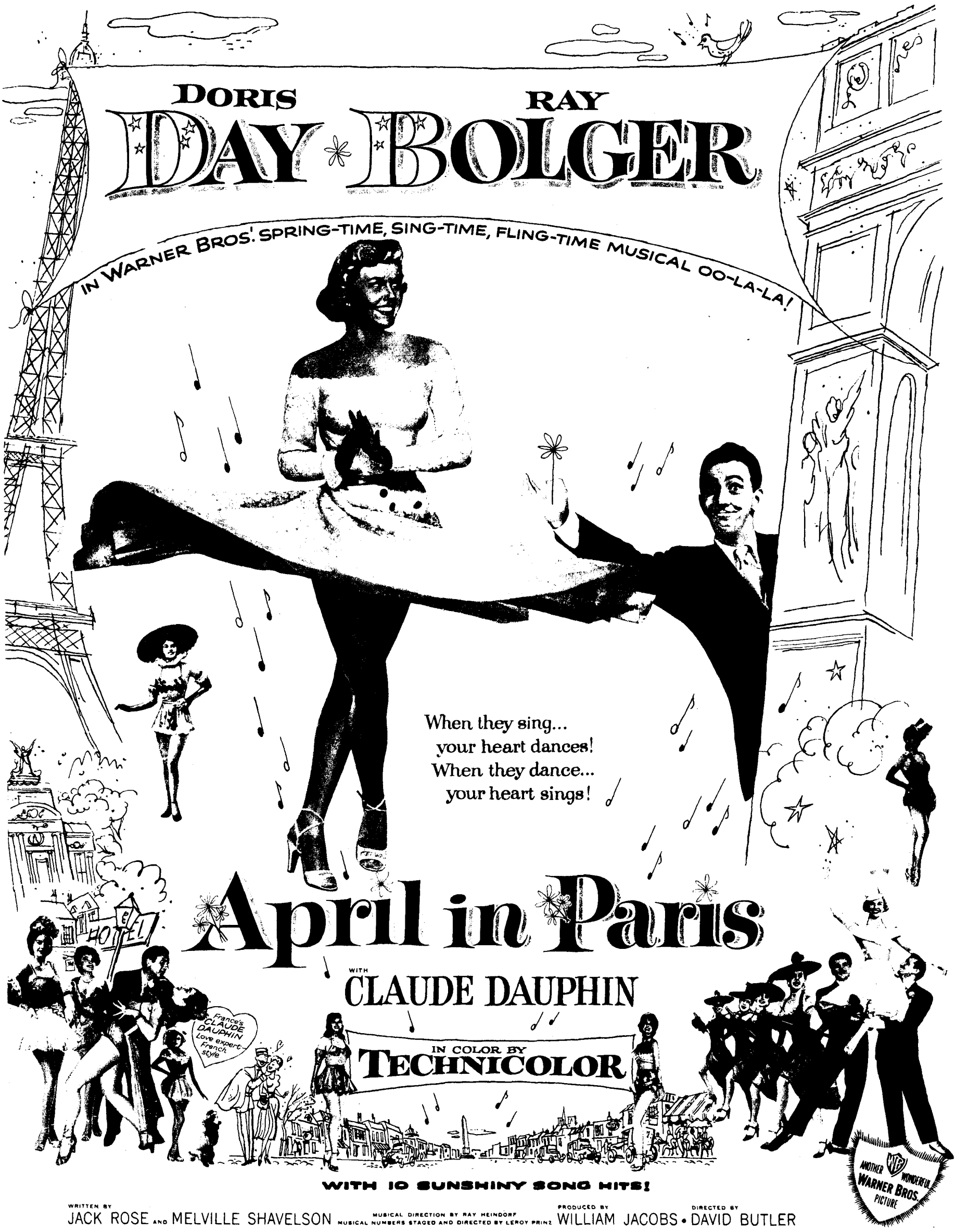

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Why Don't You Bring Sis The Man She Wants?
DAN'S THE MAN—BUT SOMETHING'S WRONG. HE NEVER COMES TO SEE SIS ANY MORE!
SORRY TO HEAR THAT. DAN'S A FINE YOUNG MAN. TELL YOU WHAT! GET YOUR SISTER TO SEE HER DENTIST ABOUT BAD BREATH!
TO STOP BAD BREATH, I RECOMMEND COLGATE DENTAL CREAM. BRUSHING TEETH RIGHT AFTER EATING WITH COLGATE'S MAKES YOUR MOUTH FEEL CLEANER LONGER—GIVES YOU A CLEAN, FRESH MOUTH ALL DAY LONG!
LATER—Thanks to Colgate Dental Cream
AND COLGATE'S HAS PROVED CONCLUSIVELY THAT BRUSHING TEETH RIGHT AFTER EATING STOPS TOOTH DECAY BEST! IN FACT, THE COLGATE WAY STOPPED MORE DECAY FOR MORE PEOPLE THAN EVER BEFORE REPORTED IN DENTIFRICE HISTORY!
COLGATE'S WORKED AS THEY SAID IT WOULD AND DAN IS BACK—THIS TIME FOR GOOD!

Brushing Teeth Right After Eating with

COLGATE DENTAL CREAM

STOPS BAD BREATH and STOPS TOOTH DECAY!

Colgate Dental Cream instantly stops bad breath in 7 out of 10 cases that originate in the mouth! And the Colgate way of brushing teeth right after eating is the best home method known to help stop tooth decay!

PURE, WHITE, SAFE COLGATE'S WILL NOT STAIN OR DISCOLOR!

Week's Mail CONTINUED

might enlist and enjoy this life of luxury.

JAY A. ASHLEY, Spokane, Wash.

. . . I don't know just how much Mr. Mitchell is taxed each year to support these well-paid Army Pfcs, but I'm sure if his IQ is high enough he can give up that nasty old job he has and enlist in the Army and get that fat salary each month along with a nice air-conditioned foxhole in Korea.

SGT. R. S. DEVINE, Walker Air Force Base, Roswell, N.M.

Clooney Claque

EDITOR: After reading your wonderful article on Rosemary Clooney (Everything's Rosy for Clooney, Nov. 15th), I wish to congratulate you on the fine job. On behalf of all the Clooney fans throughout the country I thank you sincerely, and am looking forward to seeing more about Rosie in your magazine.

SUSAN A. ROTHENBERG, New York, N.Y.

Fuller Explanation

EDITOR: In your issue of November 8th, there is an article by Huntington Smith called Williamsburg of the West. As a teacher in Williamsburg, Brooklyn, I fail to see the reason for the title. May Mr. Smith please explain?

JACK ZUCKERMAN, Brooklyn, N.Y.

Collier's will explain. Down in Virginia there is a town called Williamsburg, only slightly less famous than the Williamsburg section of Brooklyn and, if we may say so, somewhat prettier. It has been restored to its original appearance as the colonial capital of Virginia. Mr. Zuckerman might enjoy a look at it the next time he's touring south of Mount Vernon (Va., that is, not N.Y.).

Professional Approval

EDITOR: Although I have read many medical articles in various magazines, most of them by incompetent authors who know little about medicine, I must say this is the first time I have written any magazine expressing an approval of an article.

I have read Is Your Personality Killing You? by Dickson Hartwell (Nov. 15th), and concur for the most part in everything that was said. Especially, I approve of one paragraph: "While many medical men are aware of these facts, the disturbing truth is that, today, hundreds of thousands of sick people are being treated unsuccessfully by doctors who do not know how a personality may affect disease. These practitioners have had no psychiatric training. Rarely can they heal an emotional sickness."

If there is any field in medicine that needs public education, it is the field of psychiatry, for many people do not know the difference between a psychiatrist and a psychoanalyst, and I dare say over 50 per cent of the people believe that in order to see a psychiatrist one has to have something wrong with his mind.

Nothing could be further from the truth, and the public must be educated, and educated correctly, and informed correctly, for the public is indeed gullible, and tends to believe what it reads.

More power to your magazine. The article was exceptionally good, and I fully approve of it.

ARTHUR LANKFORD, JR., M.D., Elmira, N.Y.

Truckers & Slowpokes

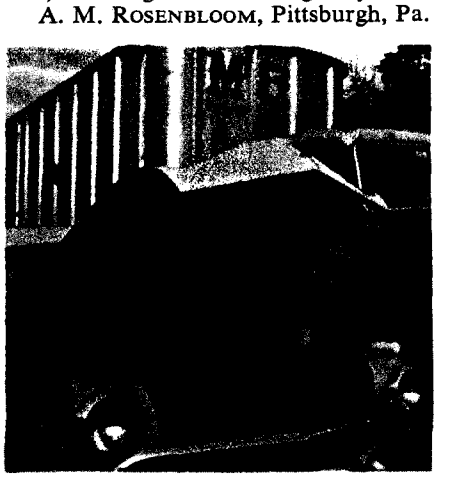
EDITOR: In your article . . . and The Truck Driver Apologized (Nov. 15th), your four phases by processed film, which record a violator in action, show that there is a glaring need for multilane highways. But even closer to home is the fact that many drivers do not look behind them or are indifferent to traffic conditions. This particular motorist, by driving as he pleases, is holding up dozens of people from their destinations—not to mention over $50,000 worth of public transportation. That person has no more right to drive leisurely than the bus has of passing him under those circumstances.

No laws will ever bridle the type of impulse that prompted the bus driver to pass, but we do recognize speed zones. Consequently there should be, wherever advisable, minimum speed laws.

ANDREW PASSIVO, San Antonio, Texas

. . . If the truck driver is so damn' courteous, why didn't he pull behind the car he is helping instead of alongside, blocking the whole highway?

A. M. ROSENBLOOM, Pittsburgh, Pa.



The truck driver, as stated in the caption, had pulled off the road before lending assistance.

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Grandma Carver's Christmas

MAYBE you know the house where Elizabeth Carver lives. It's over on Cedar Street—about halfway up the hill.

She lives there alone a good part of the time, because her two daughters are married now—one to a contractor up state and the other to a doctor in Ohio—and although the girls have often suggested that she pack up and move closer to one of them, she has never got around to it.

You get used to a place. And when that place has been home for as many years as it has been to Grandma Carver, the rooms become filled with memories that you hate to leave.

She sometimes visits her daughters in turn for short spells during the year. But always at Christmas time the girls come back home with their husbands and their children to spend the holiday with her.

They trim a big tree, put holly and fir around, and the house is filled with a mixture of never-to-be-forgotten fragrances. Hot mince pie and roasting turkey. Cranberry sauce and spice cake.

On Christmas morning they all go into the living room. There are always gifts galore for everyone—and there is always much laughter and excitement.

And there are always some very specially wrapped packages under the tree for Elizabeth and her children and her grandchildren. These packages are saved for last and opened very carefully.

The cards on these very special gifts all say, "From Santa Claus"—as the cards on packages such as these have said for over fifteen years.

And Elizabeth Carver and her daughters spend more time undoing these packages. Their fingers dwell a little longer at the ribbons, a little longer at the seals.

Because they know that even though Elizabeth Carver bought these gifts and wrapped them and wrote the cards and placed them underneath the tree, the money came from a special fund Phil Carver left for this, and this alone, some fifteen years ago.

For over and above the life insurance that would see his daughters through school and his wife taken care of through the years, Phil Carver had also arranged with his New York Life agent to have a special separate check delivered to Elizabeth every year just before Christmas time.

The checks are not for very much, if you reckon in dollars. But who reckons in dollars when the tree is trimmed and the candles are aglow and the house is filled with memories?

NEW YORK LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY
51 Madison Avenue, New York 10, N. Y.

Naturally, names used in this story are fictitious.

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oh-oh! DRY SCALP!

GOSH! HOW CAN A MAN WITH SUCH GOOD LOOKS LET DRY SCALP SPOIL IT ALL!— THERE'S NO DOUBT ABOUT IT — HE NEEDS 'VASELINE' HAIR TONIC!

NOW NED KNOWS

Now see the difference! When you check Dry Scalp, you keep hair neat and handsome-looking . . . relieve itchy scalp and loose dandruff. You get all these benefits with 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic because it supplements natural scalp oils . . . gives double care to scalp *and* hair. Contains no alcohol or other drying ingredients. Try it! (It's economical, too.)

Hair looks better...
Scalp feels better...
when you check DRY SCALP with

Vaseline HAIR TONIC

TRADE MARK ®

VASELINE is the registered trade mark of the Chesebrough Mfg. Co., Cons'd

48 STATES OF MIND

By WALTER DAVENPORT

Seattle man home-bent after a tough day at the office found his parked car a near shambles. Back seat ripped up. Rear upholstery slashed to ribbons. Cops told him that soon after he parked it a strangled voice issued from the car trunk: "Help! Help! Lemme out. I'm suffocating." Crowd gathered. Cops arrived. Couldn't get trunk open. Voice growing weaker but pleas became more pitiful. So the cops ripped their way into the locked trunk via the back seat. Nobody in the trunk. And there the mystery ends. Cops call it The Case of the Willful Ventriloquist.

★ ★ ★

Thinking they'd be just the thing to give his small son for Christmas, a Collier's customer in Bismarck, North Dakota, purchased a fine feathered war bonnet, a flock of stone arrowheads,

several strings of wampum, beaded moccasins and in fact a whole Indian outfit. Bought it in Moose Jaw, Saskatchewan, Canada. Looked them over carefully when he got home. Made in Hong Kong. Then to make things worse a neighbor told him of a place where he could have got them considerably cheaper. Made in Japan.

★ ★ ★

What with Christmas and everything, our contributors haven't been any too helpful this week. However, we have a sprightly bit of information from the Mississippi State Plant Board which we're sure will make you more comfortable. Mississippi has just about eliminated the pink bollworm from its cotton fields. Also, University of California entomologists have captured bees with lovely eyes—red, chartreuse, brown and ivory. Prettier, they report, than the ordinary brown eye of the honey bee, but can't see as far. The only other intelligence we have in this category is that the Alabama Co-operative Wild-Life Research Institute is catching cottontail rabbits, dying their tails blue and releasing them—the rabbits, that is. They're studying rabbit habits and want to know which rabbits to keep an eye on. And oh, yes. Fellow in Burlington, Vermont, reports he has been nibbled by a long-billed dowitcher, a bird rarely seen in Vermont. Says he's the first Yankee to be so attacked.

★ ★ ★

That old Hollywood hand, Frank Trescott Pope, was overheard giving an honest opinion to an actor who wasn't doing well in television. Mr. Pope advised him to quit trying for TV parts. "You're too small to be a wrestler and too big to be a puppet," said Mr. Pope.

★ ★ ★

Ever since the election we've been searching the newspapers for news of that California group that wants repeal of the federal income tax on the grounds that it has broken down public morale, has invaded our right to privacy and has made the home "a romping ground for government agents." Our West Coast man has been unable to help us. Says they may all be down at the Internal Revenue offices with their expense files explaining their deductions.

★ ★ ★

Understand that a lady in Eugene, Oregon, about to leave a juvenile-delinquency meeting before adjournment, asked and received the chair's permission to say a few words. "It's merely this," said she. "How long do you think it will be before we get around to blaming criminals for our crime waves?" There was no applause.

★ ★ ★

Quite a spirited discussion in th home of Ben West, of the West Bend, Wisconsin, News. It was about automatic laborsaving devices in the home —automatic washing machines and such. Mrs. West didn't have much to say until everybody else seemed to have run out of opinions. Then said she: "The most practical work-saving device a woman could possibly have is a husband with a lot of money."

★ ★ ★

If you insist on getting rid of you double chin, go chase a feather around the room. This exceedingly valuable information comes from Anne Cogburn of the Atlanta Journal and Constitution. We've tried it and, aside from a few collisions with chairs, tables and pianos resulting in one wrenched knee, three pretty painful toes and a nasty lump over our right eye, we came out

IRWIN CAPLAN

practically as good as new. Still got the chin, but it takes time. You take a feather and blow it ceilingward. Then you chase it hither and yon, huffing and puffing at it seeking to keep it reaching for the ceiling. Forgot to tell you that, while so occupied, our new dog, not yet able to read and therefore a bit puzzled, bit us. ▲▲▲

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IS THERE OIL IN ARIZONA?

U. S. Oilmen Risking Millions To Find Answer

Oil may have been discovered in Arizona by the time you read these words—or it may never be discovered there at all. But right now many oil companies, large and small, are investing millions in this state in hope of finding more oil to meet the nation's ever-growing needs.

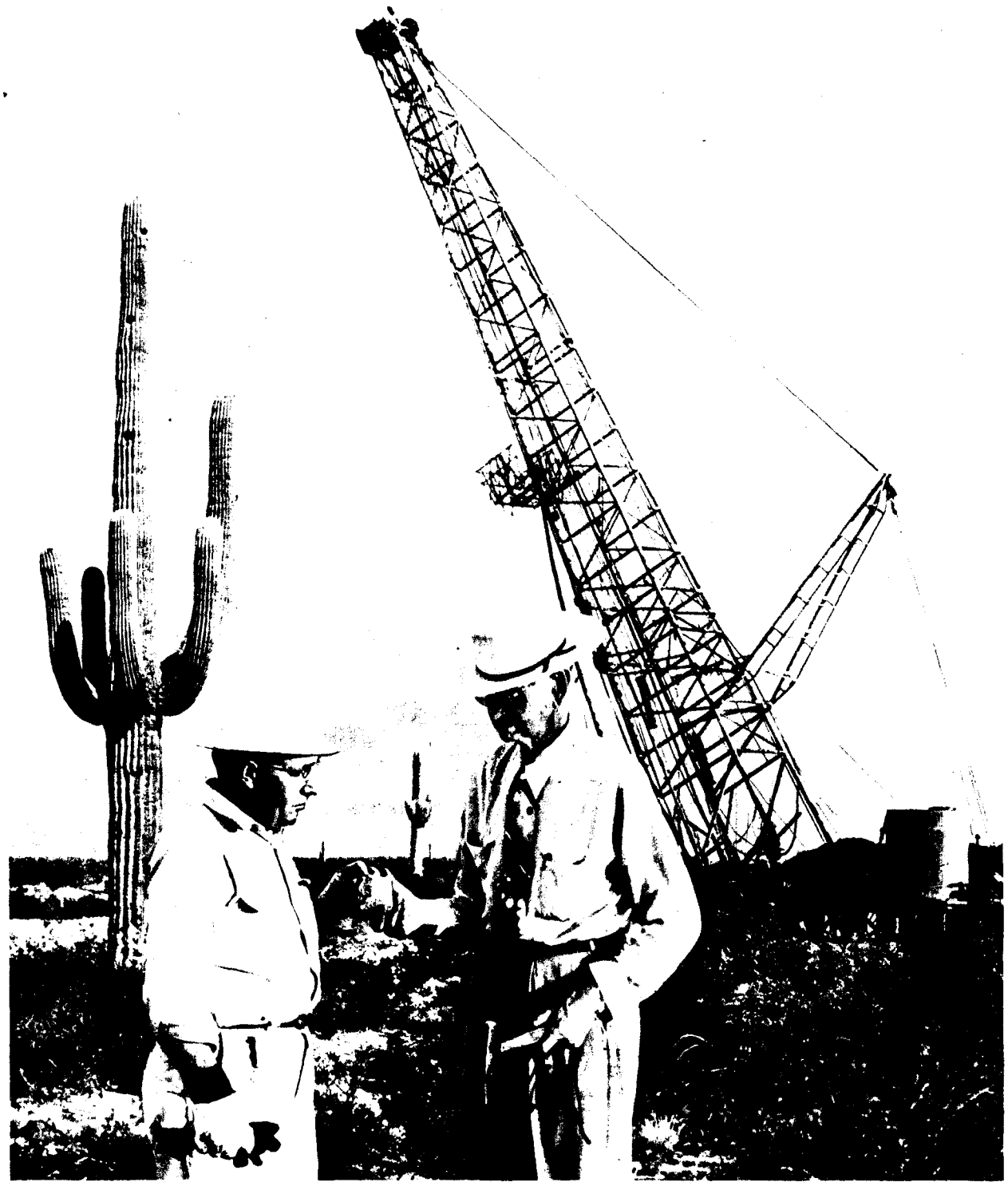
Research tells oilmen that certain areas of the state are favorable to the finding of oil. But even using the latest scientific knowledge and equipment, the only sure way to find oil is to *drill* for it.

So far, the Arizona oil search has turned up nothing but a string of costly dry holes. Yet oilmen know that the search for oil always faces long odds. In promising areas where oil has never been found before, only 1 well out of 9 ever turns out to be a producer.

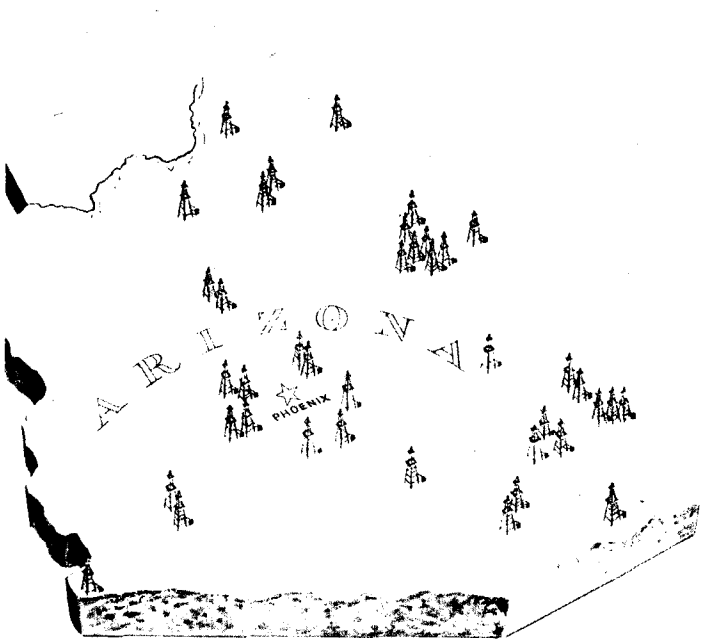
In spite of these odds, America's thousands of privately-managed oil companies last year found *twice as much oil* as the nation used up.

The risks in the oil business are high. But oilmen are willing to accept such risks as long as they have a chance to stay in business and earn a profit while serving you.

For a free, interesting booklet, "Is There Oil Under Your Land?", write to: Oil Industry Information Committee, American Petroleum Institute, Box 35, 50 West 50th Street, New York 20, N. Y.



ANOTHER ARIZONA DRY HOLE? Even the geologist and the drilling contractor don't know the answer yet as they examine core sample taken from well in background. Rig is coming down to move in heavier equipment. Whether this well comes in or not, oilmen will not quit their Arizona oil search. This search wherever there is the slightest chance of finding oil is the reason U.S. oilmen find more oil each year than the nation uses up.



AMERICA'S 28th OIL-PRODUCING STATE? Maybe, maybe not. The only sure way to find out is by drilling. Derricks on this map represent the 40 wells oilmen have already drilled in Arizona. All of them turned out to be dry holes. Yet more wells are being drilled right now in the shaded areas, where chances of finding oil are believed best.

SCENE IN PHOENIX, ARIZ., LAND OFFICE shows how oilmen rushed to beat deadline for filing lease claims under new state law. Competition for drilling leases is keen though no oil has been found. With many oil firms bidding for drilling rights, landowners benefit by rental payments—collect royalty on every barrel if oil is found.

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A Merry Christmas, folks!..

...and thanks from the ***FIRE-CHIEF*** pups

and your Texaco Dealer

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FOGG ART MUSEUM, HARVARD UNIVERSITY

It's Christmas...

. . . and in its fourth annual yule issue, Collier's presents the story of the Nativity and the joy of the season as seen by generations of artists

THE spirit of Christmas evokes some of the deepest, most pleasurable and most reverent of human emotions. It moves men not only to prayer and joy but also to the desire to create with their own hands and minds tributes to the most important creative event in the history of mankind. Through the centuries, artists at all levels of experience and ability, among all Christian peoples, have sung songs, written tales and poems, painted pictures and composed music in response to the emotions stirred by the simple contemplation of the birth of Christ.

For the last three years Collier's has brought together in its Christmas issues selections of the most memorable writings pertaining to the holiday. This year, for the first time, the editors, with the help of Dorothy Adlow, art critic and lecturer, have taken from the vast treasury of art those paintings which seem best to convey the everlasting spirit of Christmas. The collection on the following pages reflects piety, solemnity, drama and pure joy. There are great masterpieces here, as well as small and cheerful bouquets to the season. But taken together they convey, like the elegant, sentimental etching above, by Ludwig Richter of nineteenth-century Germany, the limitless inspiration which has for almost two thousand years moved men of good will to bid one another a Merry Christmas.

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Adoration of the Magi

GIOTTO

TO INSPIRE and to teach was the function of Christian painting in the Middle Ages. The Madonna was characterized as a queenly woman, impersonal and aloof. But with the fourteenth-century Italian painter, Giotto, there was a change. He portrayed Mary as a loving and protective mother. While his figures are massive and stately, they also express human warmth. His work has inspired many mural painters of modern times.

ARENA CHAPEL, PADUA, ITALY

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BURLINGTON HOUSE, LONDON

Madonna and St. Anne

LEONARDO DA VINCI

THERE IS deep poetic feeling in the interpretation of the story of the Nativity by the greatest of Italian masters, Leonardo da Vinci. He created his paintings with the help of carefully drawn sketches. This preparatory drawing is loved and treasured as much as the painting which followed it. Leonardo made the figures on this flat surface seem monumental and sculptured. It has been said that one can almost touch the people and see the shadows flicker.

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The Journey of the Magi

SASSETTA

SINCE EARLIEST TIMES, one of the most intriguing of Christmas stories has been the tale of the journey of the Magi to the place where the Christ Child was born. Resplendent in rich colors and gleaming with gold, the Three Kings traveled toward Bethlehem, guided by a star. They carried gifts of gold, frankincense and myrrh. Sassetta, an Italian artist of the fifteenth century, described the procession picturesquely with courtiers, a jester, animals and birds. His picture, Journey of the Magi, is less than 9-by-12 inches, and appears here in almost actual size. Its wealth of detail and its subdued pageantry make Sassetta's procession seem exciting even after 500 years.

THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART, NEW YORK, N. Y.

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MUSEUM OF FINE ARTS, BOSTON, MASS.

St. Joseph Carrying Jesus

TIEPOLO

IN EARLIER pictures of the Nativity, St. Joseph sat at one side, a silent observer. Later, he joined Mary in a pose of adoration. Finally, he was represented as a fatherly protector, holding the Infant in his arms and caressing Him affectionately, or leading Him as He walked. Joseph and the Child were favorite subjects in monasteries. Tiepolo, Italian artist of the eighteenth century, was a master of both painting and drawing. In this etching, he used darting lines and the effect of flashing light to express strong, dramatic feeling and movement.

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Adoration of the Shepherds

GIORGIONE

IN MANY paintings made earlier than the fifteenth century, the Virgin Mother traditionally lay in bed, or sat on a throne, the Christ Child in her arms. Giorgione worked in Italy from the mid-1400s to the early 1500s. In his Adoration of the Shepherds, the Virgin comes forward to join Joseph and the shepherds as they all kneel in silent devotion. The Venetian master broadened the artistic horizon. Devoted to nature, he painted the countryside in the rapturous mood of a poet. A pearly light so illumines the handsome landscape here that it momentarily draws a viewer's attention away from the scene of the Adoration itself.

THE NATIONAL GALLERY OF ART, WASHINGTON, D. C.; S. H. KRESS COLLECTION

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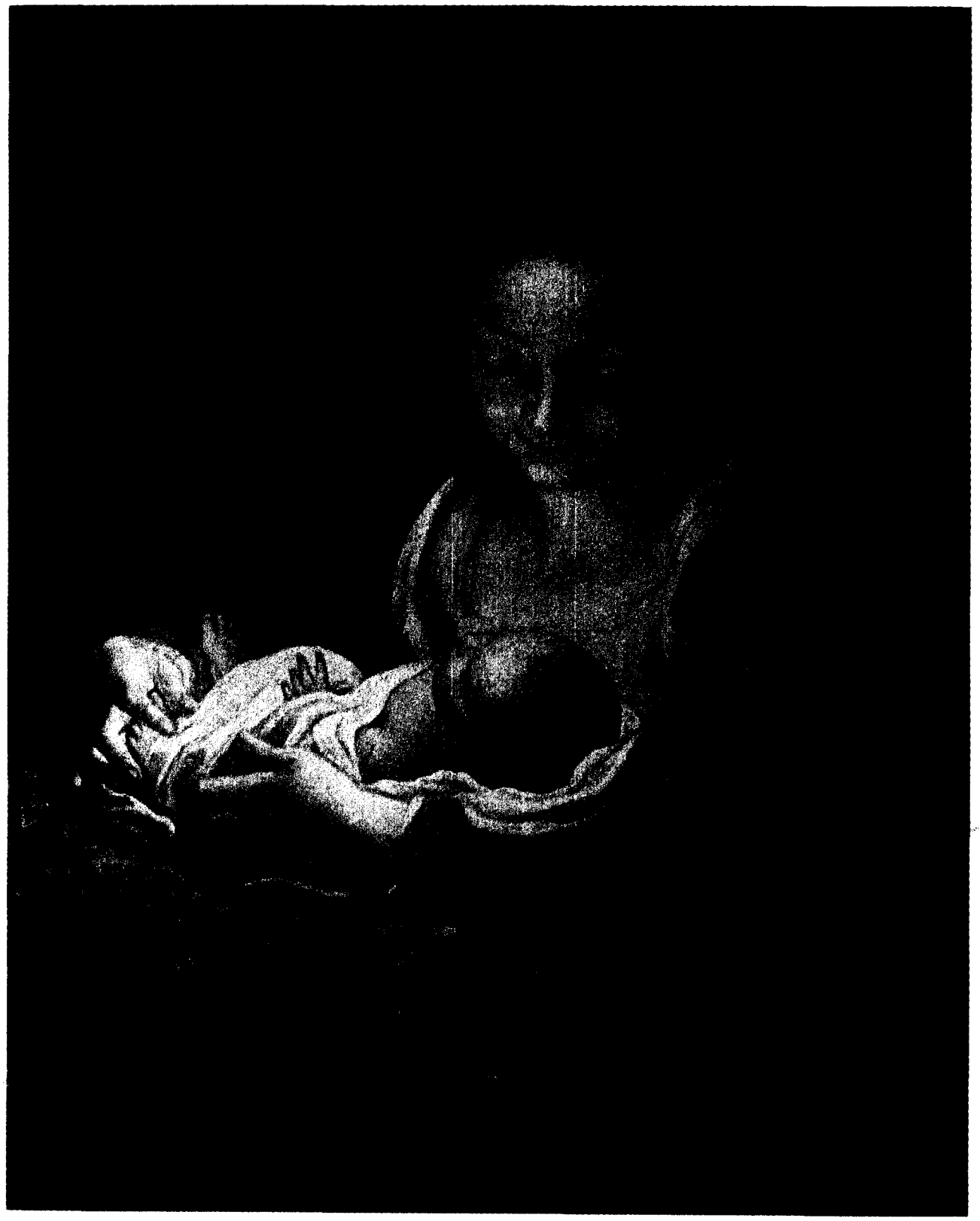

ERICH HERRMANN, NEW YORK

Holy Night

CORREGGIO

WARMTH of motherliness and delicacy of womanly charm grace Correggio's portrayals of the Madonna. In this detail from Holy Night, the miraculous light emanating from the Child is reflected in His Mother's features. The sixteenth-century Italian's skill and his tender sentiment have won countless admirers through the years. Many painters have tried to imitate him.

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Sly wit made this Victorian English greeting popular

The holly vendor was a favorite subject of nineteenth-century Christmas drawings

Grandfather's

Christmas in one sentimental panel: religion, family life, good food, parties

THE CHRISTMAS TREE.

New 100 years ago, trees are now best symbol of family cheer

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Among early commercial novelties was Santa to be sewn, stuffed

Christmas

DURING the nineteenth century, the celebration of Christmas in America became joyous and social, uniting young and old in an atmosphere of warmth and good will. The Christmas tree was introduced by settlers from central Europe. In 1823, Clement C. Moore's A Visit from St. Nicholas was published, Christmas cards became increasingly popular, and the jolly figure of Santa Claus appeared everywhere. While the religious aspects of the holiday were neither lost nor set aside, deep-felt merriment joined the sacred joy which had always attended the birthday of Christ. Christmas became merry.

In England, Christmas trees were unknown until Queen Victoria's reign

A Currier & Ives best-selling print—suitable for framing

In America, famed artist Winslow Homer recorded this typical Christmas Eve about 90 years ago

THE OLD PRINT SHOP, N. Y., MUSEUM OF FINE ARTS, BOSTON, MASS.

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Preparing for Christmas by John Sharp

This

© LAURA JEAN ALLEN

Christmas Visit by Laura Jean Allen

Card reproducing an old Japanese print

Three Kings by Edmund Lewandowski

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Season's Greetings

THE HAPPY CONVENTION of sending Christmas cards to friends and family, which grew up in the last century, has reached a climax today. There are cards for all tastes and for all levels of sentiment from playfulness to holiness. They express in bright colors and patterns the way a majority of Americans have come to feel toward the season. They are essentially only little gifts people send one another, but behind them is the deep religious feeling which lights Christian hearts on the anniversary of the night a star shone over Bethlehem.

A simple symbol of modern Christmas

Santa in Paris by Rosalind Welcher

LLMARK, © GALERIE ST. ETIENNE, N. Y.

A Nice Winter Morning by Grandma Moses

HALLMARK, © 1950, WINSTON S. CHURCHILL

Snow Scene Under Arch by Britain's Winston Churchill

CARDS FROM AMERICAN ARTISTS GROUP, N. Y., ASSOCIATED AMERICAN ARTISTS, N. Y., HALLMARK, THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART, N. Y., PANDA PRINTS, INC., N. Y., AND WORKSHOP CARDS, INC., LITTLETON, N. H.

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A Light So Shining

This is the story of one Christmas night. It is the story of every Christmas—in every troubled land, in every hopeful heart

By T. OLIVER SICKENS

I'LL remember that Christmas. Not for the ice-blue brightness of the stars or the opalescent snow covering the mountain peaks and all of the valley—that is what you find on any Christmas card. I'll remember it for something I have not found again.

We lived—my wife and I, and our small son—high up in the Swiss mountains, above a village called Engelberg, Mount of Angels, in the Oberland. I was supposed to be trying to regain my health there after what had happened to me under the Nazis. This was just after the war; there were as yet very few foreigners in Switzerland, and except for shifts of GIs on a few days' leave from Germany, we were quite alone.

We had very little Swiss money. Indeed at the time I speak of we had no money at all; this is to be taken quite literally. In those days, if there was some oversight at the bank, or if there developed (as we rather suspected in this case) one of those Gordian knots so easily made with red tape, we were suddenly and completely left in the lurch.

Except for a pound note which I found in an old suit (the pound being then worth about twelve francs, enough for a dinner for two) a week later we were penniless.

We'd had to move from our hotel, where we had lived in comparative style, to a rickety old farmhouse high up on the Alp, two thousand feet above the village. It was a rather moldy cross between a fine romantic chalet and a cow shed. It had one good room, dark and very low-ceilinged. I bumped my head on the beams every time I stood up, but I got used to that. There was a beautiful floor of planed and waxed pine—such as you find in even the poorer houses. There was a big, old-fashioned stove, and there was wood to burn.

As a matter of course—as in all Swiss peasants' houses, even those quite high up—there was electricity. But again as a matter of course—as in all poor Swiss peasants' houses—it was represented by a single bare bulb, hanging cheerlessly from the middle of the ceiling. We hated that ugly, plain bulb. But I shall remember it.

During our first week there, about a fortnight before Christmas, it got very cold, and new snow started falling from a low, dull sky. I did not feel too well in those days. It is not possible ever to feel really well on scraps of dry bread and a little milk and a handful of polenta. It was my wife, therefore, who had to go down to the village to inquire about the fate of our money and to do any other errands that still made sense.

You didn't have to risk your life climbing or skiing or sliding down all of two thousand feet to the village. You risked it going down in the Soapbox. This was an old military funicular which had been used for hauling up ammunition in the war. One thinks of the aerial cable railways advertised on travel posters—glittering chromium cages that travel through the air with the greatest of ease. Well, this wasn't anything like that.

This *was* a soapbox. You got in and grabbed the sides, held on for dear life, and then they'd let you down along that steep, plunging, swaying cable—but slowly, apparently to prolong the agony. You sat tight; you never looked up to where those two rusty wheels moved, creaking along the frayed wire that had been knotted together in a few places, almost casually it seemed to us. You bobbed absurdly along over ravines and crevices and pointed rocks, just clearing the treetops—but only just—a long, long journey, till toward the end you sailed over roads and housetops, and with a quiet little bump came down right in the middle of the village.

The Box was comparatively safe on Sundays. For on that day the four or five peasant families who lived at various stages down the line used it to get to church—the lot of them, in black clothes, brass watch chains and umbrellas. It was still safe enough on Mondays and Tuesdays. On Wednesdays you started eying the frayed parts, and on Thursdays you never went near it, for it was only on Fridays that it got tied together again.

This was our life line to the civilized world of shops and bars and, in particular, banks. That was the way I saw my wife sail down to the village each day, her long hair like a streamer in the wind. That, too, was how she came up again, a little spent with the strain. Each day she reported that no, they hadn't heard about our money yet, and the next day she would go down again, all the same. I thought it was no small thing for her to do.

When matters got really tough—when we were even out of polenta—the sun came back, and the skies blazed blue and white, and the fresh snow gleamed a pale gold. Against all logic, I got a little better and I sat on a bench in the sun, with my wife, feeling hungry but content, and I even walked a little now and then to where the ski slopes began.

He just ended up in a tangle, landing with a crash you'd think would have cracked his ribs

THE Soapbox started bringing more and more skiers up to our altitude, every sunny day. On the second day it brought a tall, very fierce-looking young man who bound a pair of dilapidated skis onto his feet and, without further ado, staggering and swaying inexpertly, but with terrific determination, skied down the first slope at a breath-taking speed.

He never made the second slope, not the first time nor any of the twenty-odd times he tried. He just ended up in a tangle, with skis flying, landing with a crash that you'd think would have cracked all his ribs. But each time he would nonchalantly unravel himself, scramble up and trudge back up to where we sat watching.

Then he laughed a little shyly, as if to excuse his fierceness to us, and we smiled back, and down he went again, smashing himself up.

We did not speak a word to him that day or the next. But on the fourth day of sunshine, my wife got out her own skis, which she had not used since we had skied back in the Dolomites, and took them out to the slopes. I followed a little later to watch her.

I could not spot her among the gay multicolored crowd on our slopes. But I found the tall young man sitting on the rough bench we usually sat on. His scowl was still resolute, but he was nursing his ankle.

I smiled at him and, in English, asked him if he had seen my wife. He looked up at me, making room on the bench, and, nodding, said, "She go—so," using his hands to indicate with a gliding motion that she had gone down the slope.

"You don't speak English, then?" I asked him. And, again using his hands, now as if he were holding a tiny *(Continued on page 54)*

ILLUSTRATED BY FRED BANBERY

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I think it was when we started singing that we really got a little intoxicated. I saw that we were close to happiness at this moment

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ARTHUR SHILSTONE

We did not have a package for Mr. and Mrs. Updyke, but we stopped as we came back

Christmas Present

By MARK HAGER

THE old Updyke house was the best place to stop and warm your feet and hands in the wintertime. Ethel Olaker and I would sometimes stop there going and coming from school, and either Mr. or Mrs. Updyke would give us a big red apple to eat while we warmed our feet and hands.

Their place also came in handy the Christmas Ethel and I delivered packages for Mr. Honaker.

I think it started the last day of school before Christmas, for as I walked home with Ethel, she said, "Benny, know what?"

"No, what?" I said.

"If I had some money all my own, I would buy you a Christmas present."

"I would you, too," I said, and then we discussed how embarrassing it was to have to explain to our moms what we wanted with the money we wheedled out of them.

But it was the day before Christmas before any prospect showed up for Ethel and me each to earn two dollars all our own, and then one did. Ethel got the job for us. She whistled for me at our yard gate on a blustery December morning.

"Oh, Benny," Ethel said, all excited and shivering in the winter wind, "I found us a job. Mr. Honaker said if we would deliver packages today, he would give us two dollars each."

I broke to run for my zipper sweater and my cap with the ear flaps. Ethel had on her red gaiters with the white star on the side. The red bandanna tied over her head matched her gaiters, and I thought Ethel looked good as we struck out for the store—our first job and two dollars cash money.

But we only passed the old Updyke house one time that day. We did not have a package for Mr. or Mrs. Updyke, and we did not stop as we went up. But as we came back, Ethel said her hands were cold; she wanted to stop. When we got back down to the house, old Mr. Updyke was chopping wood. Ethel went on in the house, and I stopped and talked with Mr. Updyke. I noticed his old ax was dull, and he was having a hard time of it—and the crosscut saw hanging all the time on the side of the old blacksmith shop.

"We could saw it easier," I said. "I need to warm up anyhow, and I'll get the saw."

In spite of the bitter cold, I saw the light and the sparkles in the old man's blue eyes, and while we sawed, the old man talked to me.

"I guess you are going to buy Ethel a Christmas present," he said, and I told him I expected I would when I got paid for delivering packages.

"If the drifts weren't so bad," the old man said, "I would go to the store and buy Jenny a box of candy. Jenny likes chocolate-covered cherries. What are you going to buy for Ethel?"

"I've not decided exactly," I said, "but I'll think up something."

"Jenny," the old man said, and he lowered his voice to a whisper, "is getting childish in her old days. Always wants some little something."

The old man stopped sawing. "Oh, she isn't hard to please," he said. "Just likes to be remembered. That's it. Just remembered."

WE KEPT on sawing then until we had finished sawing up the log, and there was a good pile of wood for old Mr. Updyke, and then I whistled for Ethel.

As we walked down the road, Ethel slowed a little. From the best I could tell, Ethel had something on her mind.

"Here's a red apple Mrs. Updyke sent you," Ethel said, and while I ate the cold red apple, Ethel talked.

"You know," Ethel said, "old Mr. Updyke lost his pocketknife. Mrs. Updyke told me. She's all hurt because of the winter storm, and she can't get to the store to buy him a new knife for a Christmas present."

Then Ethel kind of got around in front of me and stopped me in the snow, and she half whispered like it was a secret of some kind, "And you know what? She said old Mr. Updyke had got a little childish in his old days. She said she could tell it hurt him not to be remembered with some little something for Christmas."

Then we walked in the snow and talked about Christmas and children and old people, and we remembered something in the Scriptures about everybody being once a man and twice a child, but we couldn't make much sense out of it. We couldn't imagine that old Mr. and Mrs. Updyke had once been a boy and a girl like us on that Christmas Eve.

But anyhow, as we delivered packages until way after dark, we talked and thought of Christmas. I decided on a present for Ethel. Mr. Honaker had some of the prettiest boxes of chocolate cherries. When Mr. Honaker paid us off, I bought one of the boxes of candy for Ethel. Mr. Honaker wrapped it and tied it with pink ribbons. I recollect how Ethel danced while she waited. Of course, Ethel already knew, but also she made me know how glad she was so I would be glad also.

And then I knew. Ethel picked out a beautiful pocketknife with four blades. Mr. Honaker didn't bother to tie it up with pink ribbons and all, for he knew, too. He knew this was a boy's present, and he just wrapped it in paper and twisted the ends.

Then Ethel took the knife and dropped it in the pocket of my zipper jacket, and she just looked at me, and me at her. You can say a lot that way, and so our first job and our two dollars had been spent just like we wanted.

BUT at home that night I couldn't sleep. It was the prettiest night before Christmas. The clouds had rolled by, and the stars had popped out, and I pulled back a curtain to watch the stars twinkle, and something in the twinkling of the stars caused me to think of the sparkles I had seen in the blue of old man Updyke's eyes while I helped him saw wood, and I thought of his lost pocketknife, and how Ethel had said the old man would feel hurt not to be remembered.

I thought of Ethel; Ethel would be sure to want to see my new pocketknife when we started to school again. But I could explain. I figured you could explain things to a girl like Ethel Olaker.

And then I got up, got my clothes on and slipped out. I thought my shoes made the awfullest sound crushing the snow as I eased in at Mr. Updyke's gate and onto the porch. But the little house was beautiful. It looked peaceful and good with the starlight on the snow-covered roof, and nothing seemed to wake up.

I left the knife against the door of the old Updyke house; Mr. Updyke would be sure to find it when he opened the door next morning. And then I slipped away.

I did not see Ethel Olaker again until the day school started up after the holidays. I whistled for her as usual at her yard gate. When Ethel came out with her books, I could see she was dying to tell me something. I thought I knew what would be the first thing. She would want to tell me how she liked her chocolate-covered cherries, and then ask how did I like my new knife.

But I was wrong. Ethel didn't speak at all until she got very close to me, and then she kind of whispered.

"Benny," Ethel whispered, "as soon as we get down the road so Mom and Dad can't see us, I am going to hug your neck."

The thoughts of that made me shiver.

"What for?" I said.

"Because you gave Mr. Updyke your knife," Ethel said.

"How'd you know?" I said.

"I saw your tracks in the snow," Ethel said, "and I saw the knife against the door when I went to leave the box of candy for Mrs. Updyke."

"A few steps around the bend and they can't see us," I said. ▲▲▲

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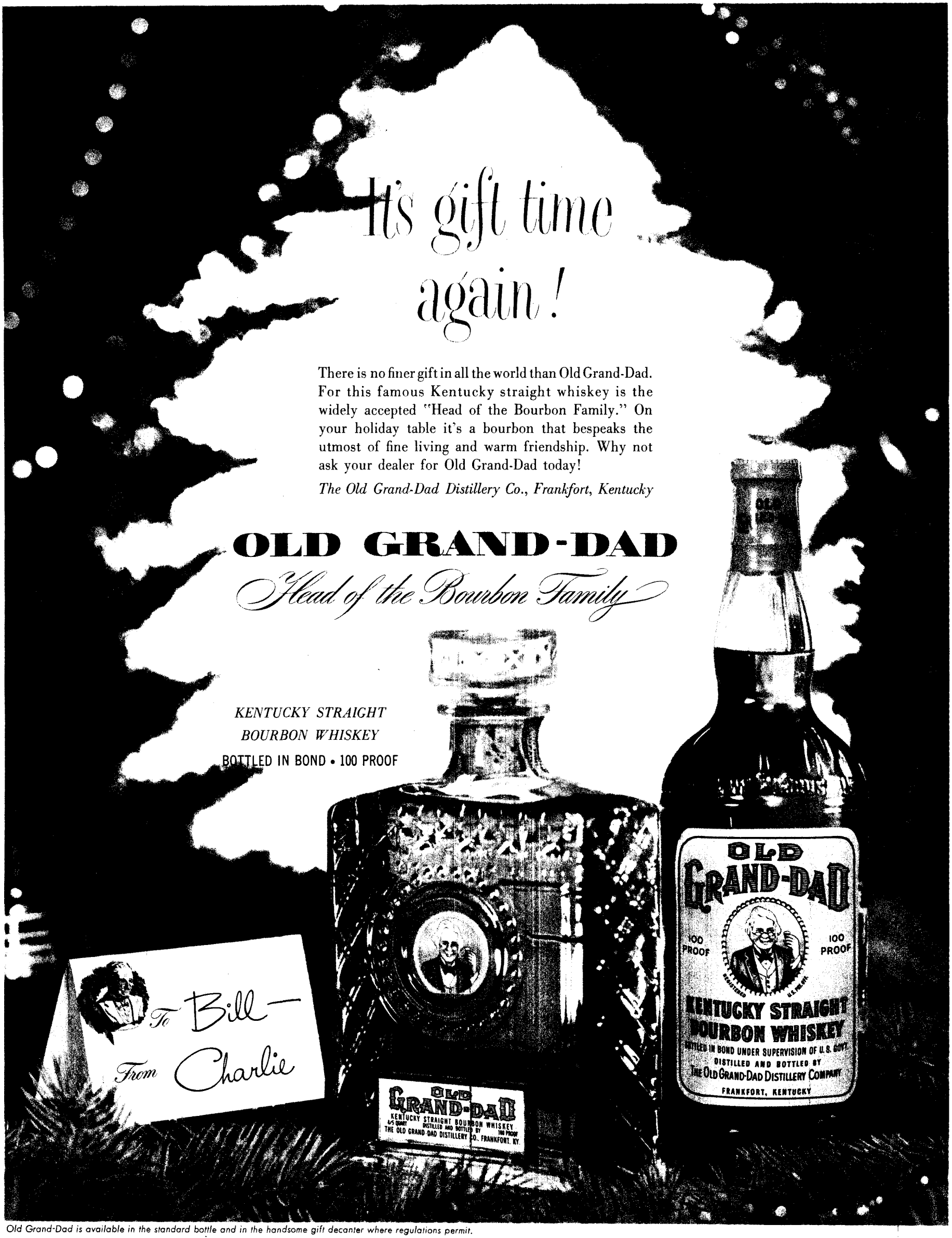
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ADVENTURE IN THE FARAWAY FIJIS

By LOWELL THOMAS, JR.

Fijians make sure trapped fish don't escape by drugging them. And they still do war dances and fire walk of cannibal ancestors

IN QUEST of adventure after a year of hard study at Princeton University, my wife, Tay, and I recently flew 5,600 miles across the Pacific to the fabulous Fijis. Where better to break the monotony of regular routine, we thought, than in those lush tropical islands whose cannibal population once struck terror in the hearts of South Pacific mariners?

A century ago, it might have taken us two months by ship to reach the Fiji Islands, which lie two thirds of the way from Hawaii to Australia. But only 28 hours after we took off from California in a Pan American "Strato" Clipper, we landed at Nandi airport on Viti Levu, largest of the 250 islands in the Fiji archipelago.

A local air line carried us the remaining 80 miles across the island to Suva, capital of the Fijis, on the southeast coast. The air line, we discovered, is owned by Harold Gatty, who with the late Wiley Post set an around-the-world flight record in the plane Winnie Mae in 1931. He is now a Very Important Person in the Fijis; he not only owns the Fiji Airways, but has a copra plantation on a small island he bought, and is a member of the legislative council in this British colony.

We called on Gatty as soon as we arrived in Suva. He greeted us warmly and told us much Fiji Island lore. He predicted we would find no cannibals, but said the natives still cling to many ancient rituals and customs. He suggested we could learn a lot more about the Fijians from Trevor Withers, a New Zealander who operates a 40-foot cabin cruiser out of the port of Lautoka, on the other side of the island. So off we went in Gatty's air line again to Lautoka, and next morning found ourselves cruising toward adventure with Withers.

Withers navigated by charts drawn originally by Captain Bligh during his epic 4,000-mile voyage in an open boat in 1789 after being cast adrift by the mutineers of the Bounty. Bligh and 18 loyal crewmen who had refused to join the mutineers passed straight through the Fijis, not daring to land because of the cannibals.

We anchored for the night off Waya Island, 30 miles northwest of Lautoka, in the island group known as the Yasawas. In the morning, we were awakened by the sound of voices on the beach. Shouts informed our native crew we were about to see a fishing expedition, Yasawa style. Sixty men and women were weaving an enormous net from a long rope of vines around which they wound palm leaves so as to stick out at right angles.

Preparations completed, the lead man, followed by the rest of the men and women at intervals, waded more than 100 yards out over the coral reef with one end of the net. Then the leader com-

A native in ceremonial dress poles the author in a skiff to Mbenga Island, where villagers stage a fire walk to symbolize defeat of devil

PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR

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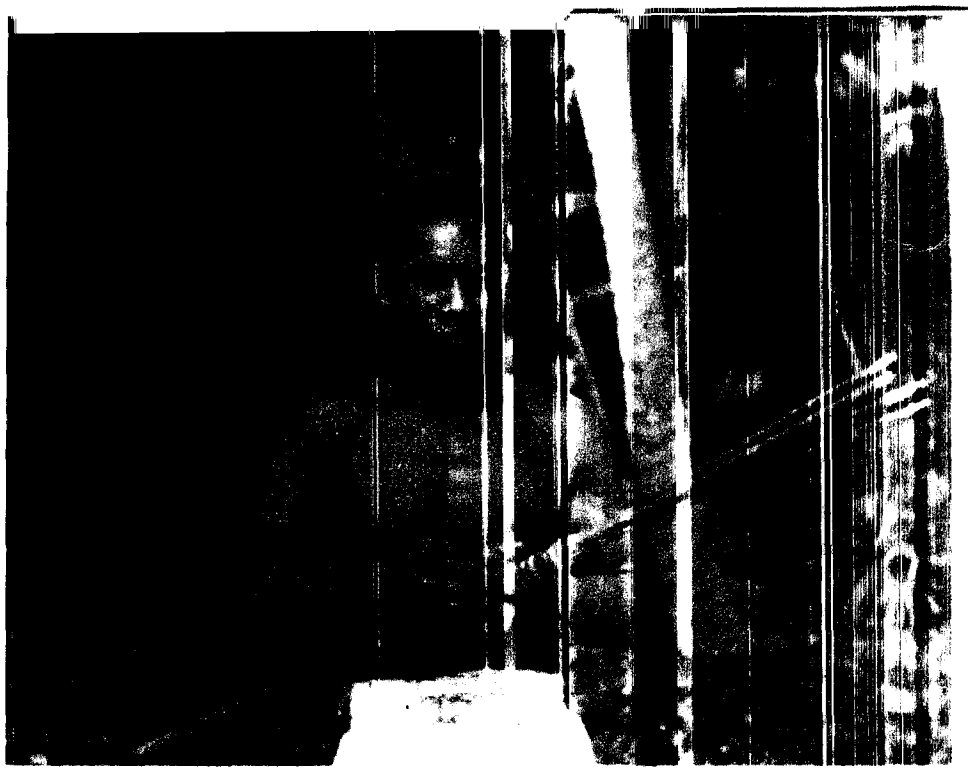


A Fijian fisherman prepares his spear for fish drive on Waya Island in Yasawa group. He attaches four metal spikes to the end of his pole

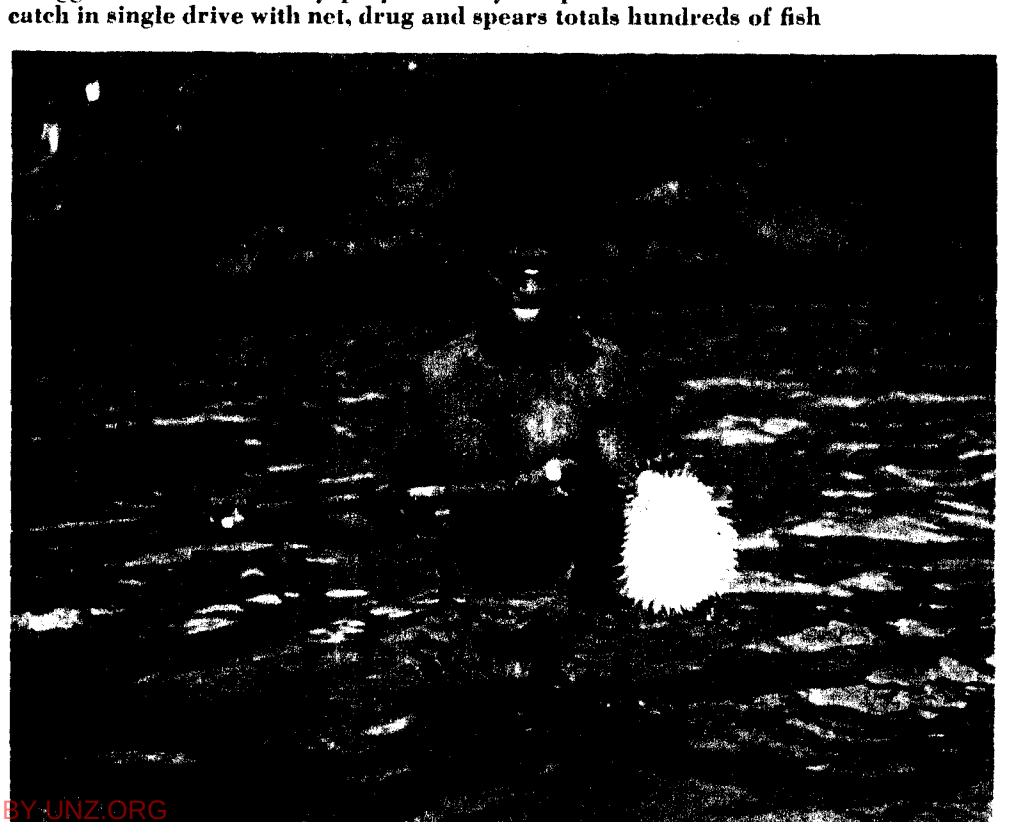
Natives weave net of vines and palm leaves for fish drive on Waya. Man in foreground has pushed his diving goggles into bushy hair

Fishermen begin dragging net out across coral reef at start of drive. Their feet are so coated with calluses they don't feel the sharp coral

Islanders swing hundred-yard-long net in a wide circle across coral reef at Waya, then gradually narrow the diameter to trap fish inside

Men pound bunches of narcotic root between rocks inside circle formed by net. Water turns milky and drugged fish rise helplessly to surface

Drugged fish become easy prey for Waya's spearmen. Sometimes catch in single drive with net, drug and spears totals hundreds of fish



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The stones in the pit are sizzling hot, but Fiji fire walkers stride barefoot over

pleted a wide circle back toward the shore, and the drive was on.

Holding the vine and its leaves under water so that they nearly touched the coral bottom, the men and women—half swimming, half wading—circled round and round, gradually narrowing the diameter of the circle. When the circle was little more than 30 feet across, two men took bunches of a native root and pounded them between rocks inside the net. The water turned milky, and the trapped fish, drugged by the substance, floated to the surface. Thereupon the men went to work quickly and efficiently with their spears.

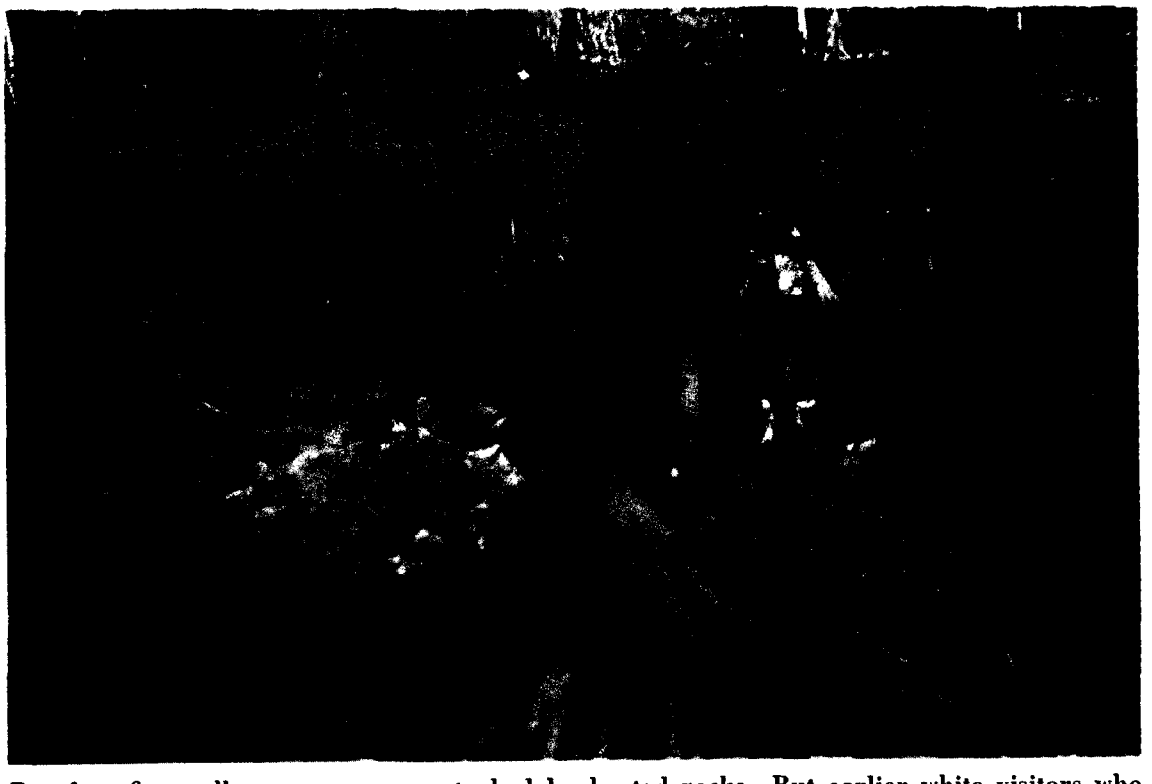
The natives invited us to go ashore to see a *meke,* or war dance. War with neighboring islands once was the Fijians' favorite sport; now it is the *meke.* We were given ringside seats in the shade of a palm tree in the village of Yalombi while the warriors assembled in three ranks facing us. A drummer to our left beat a tattoo on the hollowed log, singers started a weird primitive chant, and the dance began.

The warriors slowly advanced across the grass toward us, their imaginary enemy. Each held an eight-foot bamboo spear in his right hand and a palm-leaf fan, symbolizing a shield, in his left. They bent low at first, spears poised. They feinted as if to throw the enemy off balance, then went through the motions of hurling a barrage of spears at us. The gestures were so realistic we ducked involuntarily.

Once more they advanced toward us, jumping up and down and from side to side. Suddenly they plunged their spears into the earth and swished their fans about as though to ward off an enemy's barrage of javelins. Then, yanking their spears from the ground, they pretended pursuit of the foe. Faster and faster their feet hit the ground. Some of the dancers darted forward now and again, but

Men of Mbenga Island use long poles to remove logs which have been burning in fire pit for two days. Stones beneath the logs have been heated to roasting temperatures for fire walk

Ceremonial fire walkers enter the fire pit and walk with measured tread across the hot stones



Barefoot fire walkers appear unperturbed by heated rocks. But earlier white visitors who followed natives into the fire pit wound up in a Suva hospital with severely burned feet

Twelve-year-old apprentice rubs his sore feet after painful initiation to Fiji fire walking

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'hem without even a grimace

most remained in the same spot with their legs plunging up and down like pistons. Then once again the crouch, and another pretended volley of spears—this time from only 10 feet away.

The dancers' eyes were on fire, and their teeth were bared in fury as they stepped forward as if to administer a *coup de grâce*. It flashed through my mind that these men were only a generation or so removed from cannibals and might forget this was only a dance.

Returning to Viti Levu and to Suva, we again looked up Harold Gatty. He told us we were just in time to witness a fire walk on Mbenga, a volcanic island of thatched-hut villages about 10 miles off the south coast of Viti Levu.

At Gatty's invitation, we went with him and Archibald Reid, the British district commissioner, to Mbenga aboard a 30-foot powerboat. Told in advance of the impending visit, three native chiefs —the chief of the village, the chief of the island and the chief of the district—greeted our party as we stepped out onto the sandy shore at the village of Dakui. They conducted us to seats of honor on the rim of the smoking fire pit, a craterlike depression 20 feet in diameter.

The ceremony began almost at once. Natives in ceremonial costume, using loops of a tough green vine attached to 20-foot poles, dragged away logs which had been burning in the fire pit for two days and thereby exposed a pile of sizzling stones. To make certain the stones were hot enough, the natives tossed green twigs onto them. The twigs withered, smoldered, then burst into flame.

At a signal from the village chief, sitting cross-legged by the pit, 50 men popped out of a *burie* (native hut) a hundred yards away and dogtrotted two by two toward us. They wore skirts of crinkly paper made from tree bark and dyed brilliant hues. Some wore flowers in their hair; others tied ribbons around their heads with a bow on the forehead; still others wore wreaths of brightly colored streamers.

The performers slowed to a sedate walk as they entered the pit. They walked with measured tread over the steaming rocks, circling the pit and clambering out at the point they had entered. We winced for them as their bare soles pressed against the sizzling stones, but not a grimace crossed their faces. They might have been walking on cool grass.

That is, all but the youngest fire walker—a boy of about twelve. Tears welling in his eyes, he sat on the grass after his ordeal and rubbed the smarting soles of his feet. But after all, it was explained, he was only an apprentice making his first fire walk.

We were told the ceremony represented the triumph of man over the devil, who in native lore takes the form of fire. In a final symbolic gesture, the natives covered the now cooling rocks with dirt. The devil had been buried again!

How do the fire walkers do it? Years of walking barefoot on coral reefs and on Mbenga's volcanic rock toughen their feet and leave the soles so coated with calluses they can endure the broiling heat. We were told several earlier travelers from the United States had tried to follow the men of Dakui through the fire pit. They wound up in a Suva hospital. We were not tempted. Gatty told us fire walking is rare these days. Mbenga is the only island in the Fijis where it is practiced.

We spent the rest of our two-week vacation cruising lazily through the Yasawas. We found the islands almost as isolated from the outside world as they were hundreds of years ago. They were indeed an unspoiled paradise. And—as Gatty had predicted—we found no cannibals. As a matter of fact, we were told there had been no recent cases of cannibalism anywhere in the South Pacific. But there was a nebulous story circulating in the islands that a human had been roasted alive in a neighboring archipelago a few years ago. The victim? A tax collector.

Perhaps civilization is catching up with the South Sea Islands. ▲▲▲

Fiji Islanders' favorite sport used to be warring with neighbors; now it's the *meke*, or war dance. Here is a star performer on Waya as he nears the climactic moment of dance

With spears held in their right hands and palm leaves (to symbolize shields) in their left, these Waya Islanders relive their ancestors' warrior past with realistic war dance

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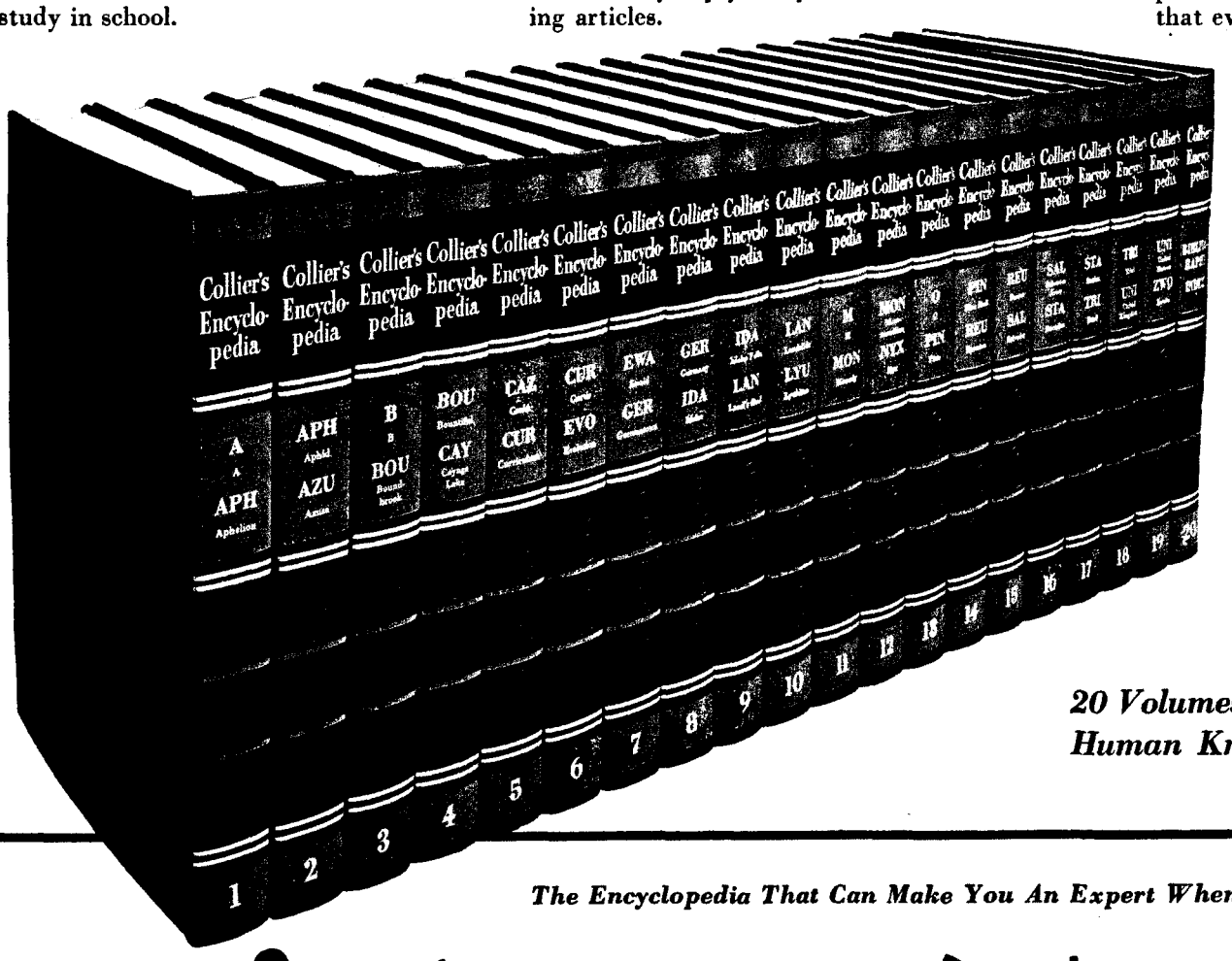

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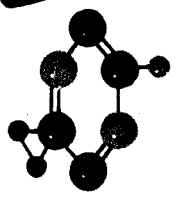

What about these new miracle drugs?

What do the referee's signals mean in football, basketball?

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What's Wrong at the Pentagon?

The man who mobilized American science to win World War II asserts our military planning is faulty, and that the country is in serious danger. He would limit the Joint Chiefs of Staff to planning, with others commanding the three services

By Dr. VANNEVAR BUSH

CAN freedom endure? That is the basic question today, the crisis we face. There are many aspects to the question, but I shall discuss only whether we can be strong enough, in a military sense, to defend our way of life.

I wish I could believe that our salvation were at hand, that our science and ingenuity have provided us with instruments of war so powerful and so unfamiliar to our enemy that we could rest confident in our superiority. But we have no push-button devices that allow us to sit back and exert overwhelming power everywhere and it would be folly to risk freedom on the dreamland possibility. The best we can do is to insist that, as the art of war alters, we remain in the forefront of advance, changing strategy and tactics to use new techniques effectively, and maintaining the longest possible lead in every field. We cannot meet hordes with hordes.

We must not indulge in wishful thinking. If large-scale war breaks out, it will be a slugging match, with great armies and long military and civilian casualty lists. Some of our cities will be consumed in a flash, as were Hiroshima and Nagasaki. Many of our ships will be sunk. Our economic structure will be strained as never before. Our survival will depend on striking power and on endurance which might have to be sustained for many years. To be certain we can meet war conditions, our citizens must understand how our government organization functions, how it plans for our survival. That is more important even than understanding the intricacies of new weapons, military strategy or tactics.

BUZZ BROWN

During World War II, Dr. Vannevar Bush, famed engineer and administrator, headed the Office of Scientific Research and Development, which carried out research on weapons and war materials, including the A-bomb. After the war, he became chief of the Research and Development Board of the Military Establishment. Now chairman of the Carnegie Institution of Washington, he continues contact with the Defense Department

In a talk at Tufts College last fall, I said, "Organization is generally considered to be a dull subject. It is easy enough to arouse interest in a new military gadget—too easy and too tempting and too much indulged in. But the organization by which that weapon is handled may be more important than the weapon itself. . . . I am convinced that the organization under which our military planning is being done is faulty, that the planning itself is defective and that the nation therefore is in serious danger. I would not make this assertion if I had not pondered the matter deeply."

In all my discussions of this subject, I have made it plain, as I wish to do again, that I am assigning no blame and seeking no scapegoats. I do not intend what I say as a reflection on what is often called the military mind. There is no military mind. Our military men vary in mental capacity and characteristics, as do college professors and scientists. I have found no body of professional men who are more satisfactory to work with. I admire many of them, and among them I have formed some of my most cherished friendships.

The weakness in our defense planning is not a result of deficiencies in our military leaders. The difficulty is that they are placed in an unworkable position. The system under which they function is wrong at the top. The gears grind. With sound planning impossible at the top, we inevitably miss opportunities for improving our defensive arrangements. The result is frustration and confusion.

The National Security Council is the center of our defense planning and policy making. It is made up of the President, Vice-President, Secretary of State, Secretary of Defense, Director for Mutual Security and Chairman of the National Security Resources Board. This body brings together, for guidance of the President, different points of view on military matters, economics, intelligence, international relations and other subjects. Its functions are advisory only.

Up to now it has not been adequately staffed, and there has been a tendency for it to become a meeting place of departments for compromise, rather than for momentous deliberation. It is becoming more effective, but it is still not working well. Our new President has indicated that he intends to put it in order. Certainly its creation after the second World War was wise. But military planning, which forms the basis for most of the council's considerations, is where improvement must begin. If military planning were well done, we could form our national policy with more wisdom and assurance.

And so I come directly to the Joint Chiefs of Staff, who are responsible at the top for our military planning. The Unification Act, passed after long deliberation and warm debates in 1947, provided for the Joint Chiefs. The JCS is the senior of the many planning agencies in the defense organization. All else depends on its performance; but it cannot perform well, even though the capabilities of its members are great; for its organization is not sound.

Why? To begin with, let's summarize some of the principles of military organization:

We hold strongly in our democracy that the military organization must be subordinate to civilian authority; the military must be under the control of the elected representatives of the people.

Any healthy organization—especially one involving military operations—must have absolutely clear lines of command, without duplication and without parallel paths. Authority must go with responsibility.

The line of command should focus in one person. He should have available the best possible advice on all aspects of his functions. This advice should be furnished by a competent, loyal professional staff. The distinction between line and staff should be drawn with absolute clarity. The officers of the line should command; those of the staff should advise.

Each individual in command in a post of responsibility should be enabled to execute his decisions and perform his delegations through subordinates appointed with his full approval, whose subsequent careers depend upon the loyal performance of their assignments.

In addition to line and staff within an organization, there is need also for a body of review. In our government this is provided by Congress—

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What Shifts Will Eisenhower Make in

WHETHER or not the Defense Department is reorganized by President Eisenhower and Defense Secretary Charles E. Wilson (and it's a good bet that it will be, along the general lines laid out by Dr. Vannevar Bush in the accompanying article), there are sure to be important changes in the top military command before the new President has been in office eight months. Within that period, three of the four positions on the present Joint Chiefs of Staff will be vacated. And if the Joint Chiefs become strictly a planning organization, as Dr. Bush suggests, three additional high-level posts—the field commands of the three services—will have to be filled.

RADFORD

Who will get these key defense positions?

Here is a "racing form" on the likely prospects in the military sweepstakes, based on news stories, well-informed conjectures and service "scuttlebutt."

The top spot, Chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, has been held since August, 1949, by five-star General Omar N. Bradley, fifty-nine, Ike's top commander of World War II. Bradley insists that he is ready to retire on August 16th, when his second two-year term as chairman ends. (Present law prevents the Chairman, JCS, from serving more than four years in peacetime.) Nevertheless, he is so highly regarded by Eisenhower that he may be prevailed upon to take an important post: perhaps Ike's old job as SHAPE commander, if the going gets tough in Europe.

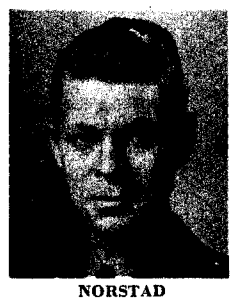
SPAATZ

The job of Chairman, JCS, is considered the most influential military job in the world outside of the Kremlin. When Congress created the position in 1949, it was widely urged that the post be rotated among the services. Since Bradley is an Army man, there will be considerable pressure for giving the position to an Air Force or Navy officer.

GRUENTHER

If President Eisenhower could disregard the rotation idea, the top spot would probably go to General J. Lawton Collins, fifty-six, whose term as Chief of Staff of the Army expires in August. Collins would give strategic air enthusiasts the creeps because he has made the Air Force give more attention than it wanted to tactical air support and air transportation of supplies and paratroopers.

If the emphasis on rotation prevails, a possible—though not likely—choice might be Admiral Arthur W. Radford, fifty-six, now commanding the Pacific Fleet. Radford was leader of the "Navy revolt" against the Air Force in 1949—which is probably why he was passed over as Chief of Naval Operations in 1950, when Admiral Forrest Sherman died. One of the Navy's most brilliant top officers, he may yet get the job he missed last year, if Admiral Fechteler, the present chief, is moved upstairs, or when Fechteler finishes his tour in 1954.


NORSTAD

President Eisenhower's strategic choice for chairman (and one who has not been mentioned in current speculation) would be General Carl A. (Tooey) Spaatz, sixty-one, wartime commander of the U.S. Strategic Air Forces in Europe under Ike. Spaatz seems to meet all the requirements. He was the first Chief of Staff of the U.S. Air Force, and from 1942 to 1948 was Ike's closest Air Force friend. Some of his written views on air power since his retirement have not pleased the Navy, but his balanced view between tactical and strategic air power gives him strong votes from both the Army and the Air Force.

Air Force General Hoyt S. Vandenberg is another member of the Joint Chiefs who will give up his post next summer. Vandenberg is also a candidate for the JCS chairmanship, particularly if the group is reorganized as a planning body. He has done a good job as boss of the Air Force; besides, he is known as one man who steadfastly refused to go for the now-discredited economy-in-defense policies of former Secretary of Defense Louis Johnson.

LeMAY

The only member of the Joint Chiefs not scheduled to give up his job in the next few months is the Chief of Naval Operations, Admiral William M. Fechteler, fifty-six, a deep-water sailor who was appointed to a three-year tour in August, 1951. He has held important commands on both oceans, and is an enthusiastic carrier task force proponent. Despite the enthusiasm of the Navy League and many publications, he is not likely to change posts in the first shuffle. On the other hand, he's a very good bet to stay on as a member of the elevated Joint Chiefs if the proposed reorganization becomes law.

An All-Eisenhower team in the JCS would probably line up like this: Collins or Spaatz, chairman; General Alfred M. Gruenther, Army; General Lauris Norstad, Air Force; and Fechteler, Navy (to be replaced by Radford when Fechteler's term expires).

General Gruenther, present Chief of Staff to General Matthew B. Ridgway at SHAPE headquarters in Paris, is a fifty-three-year-old West Pointer, known

one of its functions is to see that the military organization is well manned and that it operates effectively. But Congress should not interfere in military operations, or superimpose its judgment on the military decisions of competent professional men who have reached those decisions by thorough deliberation.

Almost every military man will agree with these principles. Yet our top military planning organization, the Joint Chiefs, violates many of them.

To start with, the Joint Chiefs exercise both staff and line functions. They report to the Secretary of Defense, the National Security Council and also to the President. Sometimes their recommendations are put into effect by the Secretary of Defense through the Secretaries of the Army, the Navy and the Air Force. Othertimes, the JCS themselves, as the commanding officers in their respective services, carry out their own decisions. Thus we have two lines of command, and civilian authority is to some degree by-passed.

The JCS is undermanned, but this handicap is not so serious as the fact that members of its supporting bodies—the groups of officers who too often formulate decisions—are often selected by Army, Navy and Air Force, chiefly for their skill in protecting the interests of the services they represent. They are primarily partisans of their services, rather than members of a deliberative body considering military problems as a whole.

The Chairman of the Joint Chiefs has no vote and therefore no authority to resolve disagreements. This means the system is deadlocked when the other three members of the Joint Chiefs disagree. A group that can recommend action only when it is in unanimous agreement can hardly be expected to accomplish much. Since a program or project that involves only one service—the Army, Navy or Air Force—is likely to receive only perfunctory examination or lead to unresolvable deadlock, JCS does not tackle them at all.

Many programs or projects go to the Bureau of the Budget, to Congress, and even into effect without having been reviewed critically by a competent, disinterested, professional body, but merely on urgings of representatives of one or the other of the services. This certainly is not effective unification or effective planning for the whole field of defense.

Defense today is much more than men in uniform, weapons, military transportation, tactics and strategy. Economics, science, business, technology, human relations are among other important fields involved, and not one of them should be forgotten or neglected; yet JCS does not bring competent individuals from these fields into its deliberations.

Members of JCS are too heavily burdened, often with inconsequential matters. Its members have far too little time for the deep, continuous thought essential to wise planning. In reality, decisions are often made by junior officers without the benefit of hard thinking by more mature men and the influence of minds with varied background. And finally JCS exercises command, which not only overburdens its members but is utterly foreign to its duty as our top military planning agency, advisory to the chief civilian authority.

In short, JCS, in its present form, cannot do our top military planning effectively, and this is a matter that affects every one of us. We may be in serious trouble soon unless a change is made. We face a determined potential enemy who would be quick to seize upon any weakness.

Russia has A-bombs. It has already tested three of them. It is undoubtedly building a stockpile and will build the means of delivering them upon our cities, probably in a surprise attack if war comes. We do not have an air-defense system capable of stopping such an attack.

We cannot hope to build a system capable of stopping every bomber that attacks. But we can build, in a few years, a far more effective system than we now have or now plan. If it stopped only part of the attack, it would be worth having; and with plenty of vigorous attention to its development, with the use of the best technical brains in the country, it might turn out to be a surprisingly large part. At the very least, it would form a significant deterrent.

All three services are involved in defense against air attack: the Air Force with its early-warning radar and its interceptors, the Army with its anti-aircraft artillery and its ground-to-air guided missiles, the Navy with its ships and planes on the sea approaches. It is not good to have three separate plans. We need a single unified, integrated plan, tying all efforts together and using each service to its best advantage. Such a plan can be produced only by the Joint Chiefs. It does not now exist.

But, before we consider how JCS could be put into good, effective condition, let me discuss the framework within which it works.

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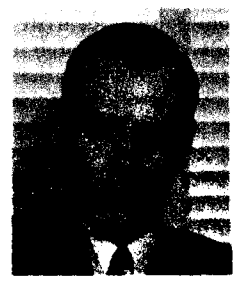
...ur Military Setup?

By JAMES C. DERIEUX
CHIEF, COLLIER'S WASHINGTON BUREAU

as one of the most brilliant staff officers in the Army. A close friend of Dwight Eisenhower, Gruenther has been tagged with a somewhat derogatory "always a Chief of Staff, never a commander" label. But his superb reputation and his high standing with Eisenhower will probably overcome this cloud, making him the strongest contender for Collins' place.

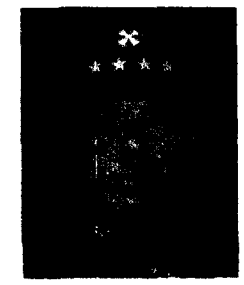

SMITH

Among the other bright young military men is General Norstad, now serving in a dual role, as commander of U.S. Air Forces in Europe and as air commander for Ridgway in the NATO setup. Only forty-five, Norstad is known as both a strategic and tactical air enthusiast. In Washington, he was a member of the second-string Joint Chiefs of Staff, the Operations Deputies, and knows Army and Navy problems almost as well as those of the Air Force.

Norstad would be almost sure to be the next Air Chief, except for one very strong contender: cigar-smoking, hard-flying, hard-talking General Curtis E. LeMay, commander of the atom-bomb-carrying Strategic Air Command. Only four months older than Norstad, LeMay has, in the words of his friends, "been flying the pants off of everything the Air Force has" since 1928. His career is studded with air power "firsts," including the first pattern bombing and the first shuttle bombing. His four stars could easily carry him to the Chief of Staff's job if strategic air power enthusiasts have their way.

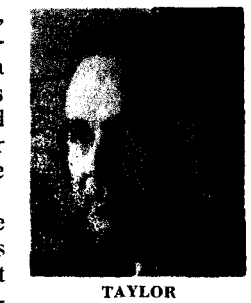
RIDGWAY

What happens if Congress enacts Dr. Bush's recommended changes before Bradley, Collins and Vandenberg leave the Joint Chiefs this summer? The strongest rumors indicate that, in this event, the present chiefs, Collins, Fechteler and Vandenberg, would move up as members of the planning agency, while Gruenther, Radford and Norstad filled the command vacancies.


VAN FLEET

At this point, the racing form becomes complicated, with very little past performance to go on. Spaatz would still be a logical choice for chairman. However, if President Eisenhower gave that job to Collins, then Gruenther, General Matthew Ridgway and Ike's wartime Chief of Staff, General Walter Bedell Smith, present head of the Central Intelligence Agency, would be running neck and neck for two posts: Army member of the upper-level Chiefs of Staff, and commanding officer of the Army.

"Beedle" Smith, fifty-seven, served as Ike's Chief of Staff for SHAEF in World War II, and later as Ambassador to Russia, from 1946 to 1949. Although he now heads a nonmilitary agency, he is still on the active list, and is a serious contender for the Army's top job if he wants it.


TAYLOR

General Ridgway, the former United Nations commander in the Far East and Ike's successor as Supreme Allied Commander in Europe is a good friend of General Collins. There is an outside chance that in the shuffle of top brass the new President might let both Bradley and Collins retire, leaving Gruenther as Army member of the top Chiefs organization. In that case, Ridgway—or General James A. Van Fleet—would get the Chief of Staff of the Army assignment.

General Van Fleet, commander of the Eighth Army in Korea, and former U.S. military adviser in Greece, was in Eisenhower's West Point class. During the recent political campaign, when Eisenhower was advocating the replacement of American soldiers with South Koreans, a private Van Fleet letter, supporting Ike's campaign proposal was made public by Mrs. Van Fleet. That did Eisenhower's political future no harm, and some observers suggest that Ike may have a feeling of gratitude toward Van Fleet. Van Fleet is scheduled for retirement next January 31st, unless an executive order makes his an exceptional case. Those who prefer long odds on their wagers are placing him in the Chiefs of Staff line-up, while others guess that he would prefer an ambassadorial post, probably to Greece. If and when Van Fleet leaves Korea, his likely successor would be Lieutenant General Maxwell D. Taylor, a paratrooper and former superintendent at West Point now serving in Washington as Deputy Chief of Staff for Operations and Administration.

CLARK

One more general must be mentioned as a long shot for an important job in Washington: General Mark Clark, top-ranking four-star general in terms of seniority. Clark, rated one of our ablest commanders in World War II, now has General Ridgway's old job as commander of U.S. forces in the Far East. That's an important post, and Clark may stay on in Tokyo, but he's a definite Joint Chiefs of Staff possibility. And that's the list. It's a long and honorable one: Ike's greatest problem, fortunately, is the difficulty of making a choice from among so many good men —and that doesn't take into account the many capable officers at vice-admiral and lieutenant general level who are just waiting for a chance to show their stuff.

If our system of government, which has served us so well, is to be preserved in its present form, the elected representatives of the people—the Congress—must control the public purse. This control becomes more imperative as expenditures rise to unprecedented heights.

Yet Congress has lost effective control of the way in which our tax money is spent for defense. We make enormous expenditures on the basis of superficial examination, partly because in some instances technical matters beyond the range of lay evaluation are involved and partly because it has been considered politically inexpedient to oppose any defense appropriation. The result has been that Congress votes the money for vast programs without the reality of control. This blind policy negates the review function of Congress, which is essential to protect us against extravagance and against the catastrophe of rendering ourselves powerless by economic collapse, brought on by diffusion of effort as we attempt to defend ourselves.

Because our safety and our system of government demand it, Congress must regain real control of the public purse. It cannot achieve control by building up a large staff of its own. Detailed analysis of proposed appropriations is the function of the Bureau of the Budget, and there is no reason to duplicate its studies. It is salutary for members of Congress to become specialists in their committee lines, but a solution of the problem cannot be found in specialization by members of Congress.

There is only one way in which Congress can regain intelligent control of military expenditures: it can make certain before voting money that every important project and program involving large funds has been carefully analyzed and recommended by a competent professional group made up of men who approach the subject objectively and without special interests or prejudices, and not merely put forward by enthusiasts or protagonists.

In one of my discussions I have put the matter this way, "If Congress would regard well-analyzed programs with sympathy, and approach others with deep skepticism, we should soon see a change for the better, even with our present organization. Members of Congress are in an excellent position to do just this; for they must individually be good judges of men, or they would not be in Congress. And judgment as to the qualifications and motivations of men is the essential ingredient of correct decision in complex matters of this sort."

If Congress should insist upon it, competent impartial review boards could soon be created throughout the executive branch and particularly in the Defense Department. In fact, JCS should assemble such boards for its own advice; it would have to do so if it expected the military budget to move through Congress smoothly. These boards could review critically every major program involving large funds. It would be especially salutary, as Dr. James B. Conant has suggested, if every such board had on it a representative of the taxpayers, a man competent to examine the technical subject matter with competence, who would ask the really tough questions, who would look hard at ten million dollars before joining in spending it, who would not be an obstructionist, but who would insist on being shown. Our programs would be far more sound and our tax burdens lighter if we adopted this very simple procedure.

The President has an appropriate advisory body (when it is properly staffed and brought into a condition of adequacy) in the National Security Council. Political and military considerations are joined in the council's deliberations, in the light of the capabilities and limitations of our country and of what we can learn about those who threaten us. Policies and programs approved by the President emerge from these deliberations for our defense in concert with our allies. Sound procedure then requires that the entire military organization operate within these policies to attain the objectives sought. The problem I am discussing is how our defense establishment should be organized to perform its assigned functions as well as they can possibly be performed.

The President, as we all know, is commander in chief. He controls the military establishment through his Secretary of Defense. In time of peace we have in Washington a great organization whose duty is to anticipate and get ready for any imaginable war. When there is war, we have vast forces in the field; and the first job of the Washington setup is to supply them with trained men and the best of matériel so that they may conduct successful campaigns. We have the conditions of both war and peace in these strange days.

Under the President, acting as his deputy, is the Secretary of Defense. He is in charge of the entire Defense Department. To support him he has the secretaries of departments and various undersecretaries and assistant secretaries. These form a

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The Chairman of the Joint Chiefs, declares Dr. Bush, should have power to resolv

group of advisers on the civilian aspects of his task, while the Joint Chiefs of Staff form his military advisory body. I could treat at length the subject of civilian organization in the Pentagon. It too is far from perfect. But that is not the subject of this article. One or two matters may be mentioned briefly, however, especially since I do not wish to seem unduly critical of the military as compared with the civilian organization.

The Secretary of Defense should select all other members of the group, or at least approve their appointments, so that he can count on loyal support. We have a harmonious group now and wish to keep it so and render it more effective. There should be a single line of authority proceeding from the Secretary of Defense. Delegation along this line will assure that, for example, the Secretary of the Army sets Army policy. But there should not be a dozen lines of authority with frequent overlap. The main task of assistant secretaries—and it is far from an easy one—is to ensure that their chiefs have full information on their specialties, that policies are being carried out by able men and that new policies are prepared as needed. They are part of the civilian staff. It would be well if we had more permanent career men in the secretariat, for individuals come and go and some do not have time to master their functions before they leave.

Above all, the Secretary of Defense and his civilian group should control but not manage. It should set policies (and there should be no doubt on this score), but it should not attempt to run the entire system in detail. The Secretary of Defense has enormous responsibility. He is entitled to the best of advice and the best of aids, civilian and military. In particular, he should get prompt unitary recommendations from JCS on every military aspect of his responsibility.

When Civilian Control Is Dangerous

We learned in the latest great war that when military forces are conducting a campaign, they must be under a single commander in the field, using the Army, Navy and Air Force as a unitary organization. The field commander must be supported to the utmost. His is a military task for a professional military man. Civilian interference with his judgment can be disastrous.

But a military commander in the field does not have power to decide political policy. He should have great freedom of decision in his field, but he should not expand that field into an area of civilian authority. No form of organization can guarantee that the line between military and political matters will be distinct at all times. Yet good organization certainly would tend to minimize the likelihood of having civilians interfere in military matters or the military expand into political decisions.

The commander in the field should have explicit orders and an explicit mission. He should be held strictly to the limitations of his objectives. He should report, through his commanding officer in Washington, to the President or to the Secretary of Defense. His mission should be defined, in all its political aspects, by the President acting on the advice of the National Security Council. The military portion of his orders should be within that political framework and recommended to the President by JCS. If he is operating in Korea, he should know exactly, at all times, whether he has authority to cross the 38th parallel and under what conditions. His performance should be continuously reviewed, his orders altered if necessary in the same manner as they were originally formulated, and he should be replaced promptly if he falters.

To ensure this kind of arrangement between Washington and the field, a senior military staff is needed to advise the President, composed of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, adequately supported by subordinate bodies and assigned officers. The Chairman, who should be an officer of great distinction, is selected by the President, and should appoint or approve all members of subordinate bodies within the JCS organization and be strongly supported in obtaining the officers he needs.

The Chairman should have authority to resolve disagreements, so that the President or the Secretary will always have a clear-cut military recommendation before him on any problem of moment, not several different recommendations from which he must choose. I do not mean that the President and the Secretary of Defense should not meet with the Joint Chiefs of Staff from time to time and hear all sides of important arguments. That is desirable. But there are times when the President needs military advice promptly, and he should get it without ambiguity or maneuvering by protagonists of any one service or any one point of view.

Emphatically, the Joint Chiefs of Staff should not be in the line of command. The Chairman emphatically should not be a supreme commander, running the forces in the field from a desk in Washington. To place the Joint Chiefs in the line of command is to invite military command by a committee, than which there is nothing worse. JCS should issue no orders whatever in peace or in war.

This proposal does not mean that JCS should be barred from making plans for a theater of war. It certainly should—and with great thoroughness. Plans by which new weapons and tactics can be introduced should be a particular function of JCS, but this function should be a service it provides the theater commander, not an order to him. Moreover, when a theater command is instituted, JCS should recommend to the President or the Secretary the appointment of the commander, the exact draft of his mission and instructions so far as military content is concerned.

Military men recognize the distinction between staff service and command, and they know the need for both. If the two become confused, disaster may result. The prime example of such confusion—the one military men like to cite—was on the German side at the Battle of the Marne in

The Joint Chiefs of Staff, left to right: General Omar Bradley, chairman; General Hoyt Vandenberg,

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ights between the services, so he can give the President clear-cut recommendations

the first World War. There, the confusion of line and staff functions went so far that colonels of the great German general staff were issuing orders to army group commanders during the battle, and the resulting confusion probably prevented Germany from winning the war right then and there.

The ablest and most distinguished men, of broad military experience and nearing the age of retirement, should constitute the membership of JCS. Subject only to review by the Secretary and the President and to political considerations as laid down by the Security Council, JCS should prepare broad strategic plans for war. In time of peace JCS should work out the manner in which modern weapons will be used and should nominate officers for field command. These are vast responsibilities, worthy of the best efforts of the greatest officers, and they are enough to keep the JCS busy. Except for command in an important theater, service on JCS should be the highest honor to which an officer can aspire.

In addition to confusion of functions resulting from combining staff and line, we also have confusion of titles; for the commanding officer of each service is now called its chief of staff. This is why our senior planning body is called the Joint Chiefs of Staff. But functions are more important than titles. The important point is that our senior planning body is now made up of commanding officers. It is difficult for these able officers to keep their staff and command functions separate in their minds and in their decisions. The members of our top military planning body should be free from all considerations of narrow service interest if they are to give us a unitary military program.

At present, they cannot operate as planners should. The fault, as I have said repeatedly, is in the system, not the men. We should proceed a long way in the right direction if we separated the functions very definitely by appointing one officer in each service to be its senior commanding officer and another officer of equal distinction to serve on JCS. There is plenty to occupy the full efforts of both. If we followed this plan, the members of JCS might have time to think.

In the field, Army, Navy and Air Force units should be under officers of their own services, subject of course to co-ordinating control by the theater commander. Their traditions, methods of fighting and supplies are different—and they handle them best themselves. Uniforms should continue to be distinctive. This is important.

Service Traditions Must Not Be Lost

There should never be so complete a merger that we lose the traditions of a fighting Navy, the vigorous spirit of the Air Force, the pride of the Army, which bears the brunt of battle on the ground. We need unification at the top in planning, and in other aspects, but not in the appearance of all fighting men. It would be well, however, if all officers of the JCS organization and all theater commanders and their immediate staffs wore a distinctive uniform indicating that they are not primarily members of any one service. The field commander of a theater of war, just as members of the JCS, has moved beyond the limits of a single service. As commander of all three, he should not under any circumstances report to the commanding officer of his own service in Washington. To do so would be to lose sight of his general responsibility. He should report only to the Secretary or to the President.

Should there be a single military chief in Washington commanding all the forces in the field? Should there be a man in uniform under the President—not a part of our civilian organization—in charge of every man in uniform? My answer is that it would be a mistake, and, moreover, public opinion is opposed to it. A military commander in Washington would be far more likely to interfere with the proper operations of a theater commander than would a civilian Secretary of Defense, and both sorts of interference are dangerous.

Co-ordination of effort between theaters is far more political and economic in nature than it is military. Moreover, the distrust of the idea of a single military man commanding all men in uniform is deep-seated and has a valid basis. The fact that military men generally subscribe honestly to the principle that the military power in a democracy should be subordinate to the civilian authority should not blind us to the danger that an ambitious and ruthless officer, in the supreme post of command, might defy the regular procedure by which our democracy functions. We confer power of this magnitude in this country only by the popular election of a President who is commander in chief. There is no need for us to depart from this sound doctrine in order to have an effective military organization in peace or in war.

We are a powerful country, and we are devoted to peace. We can maintain peace only if we are strong, so strong at all times and at all points, so fully in accord with our allies of the free world, that no enemy will dare attack us. We produce great military leaders. In the last war we had men who were respected for their wisdom and their skill in combat. We have the benefit of democracy, where initiative is not stifled and where mutual trust and support can flourish.

In these modern days, when air, sea and land forces are exceedingly closely interrelated, we need an equally modern organization for integrating their efforts. We made one step in this direction when the Unification Act was passed. It is time we took another step in the same direction. This time we should ensure that we have fully effective military planning at the top.

It is essential that we plan along these lines with wisdom, for on the effectiveness with which we now plan our future security will rest. If we fail now to plan wisely, we may not plan for long in any way. ▲▲▲

UNITED PRESS

Air Force; Admiral William Fechteler, Chief of Naval Operations; General J. Lawton Collins, Army

Collier's for December 27, 1952

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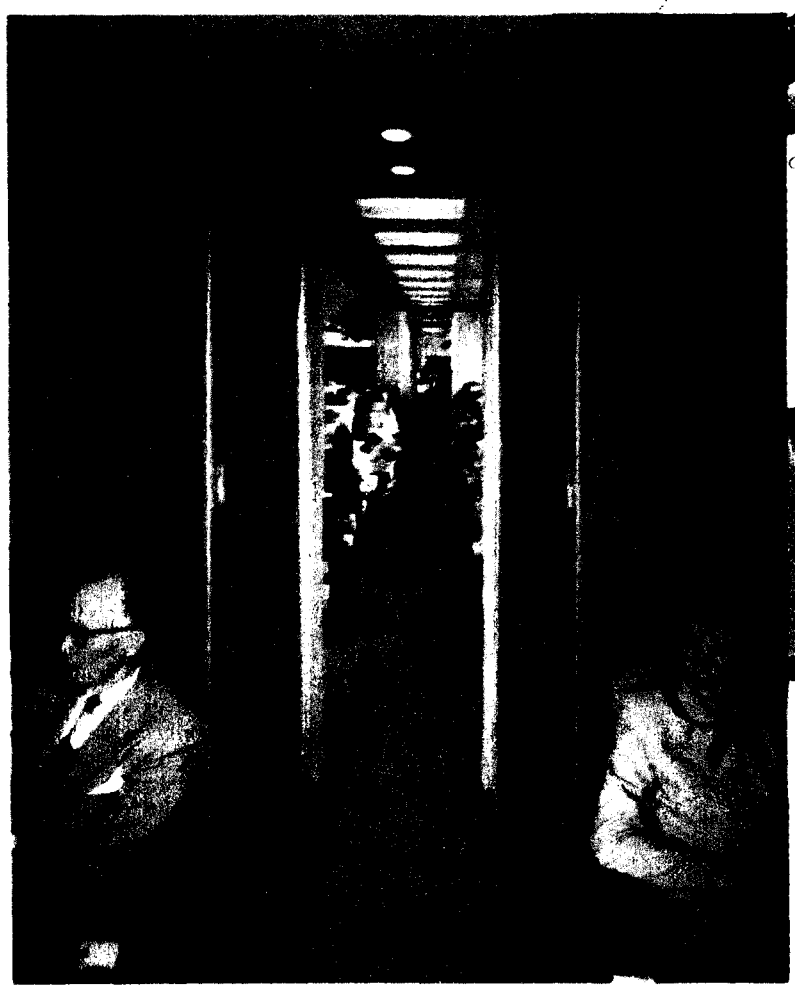

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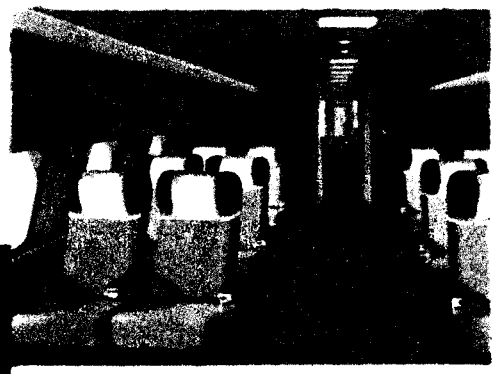

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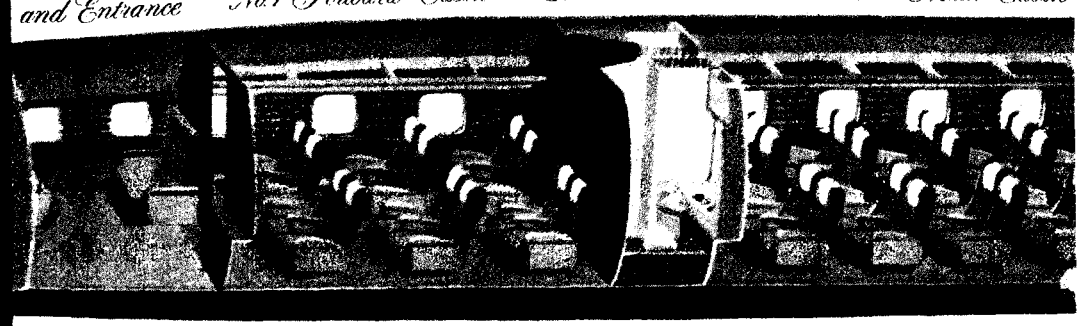

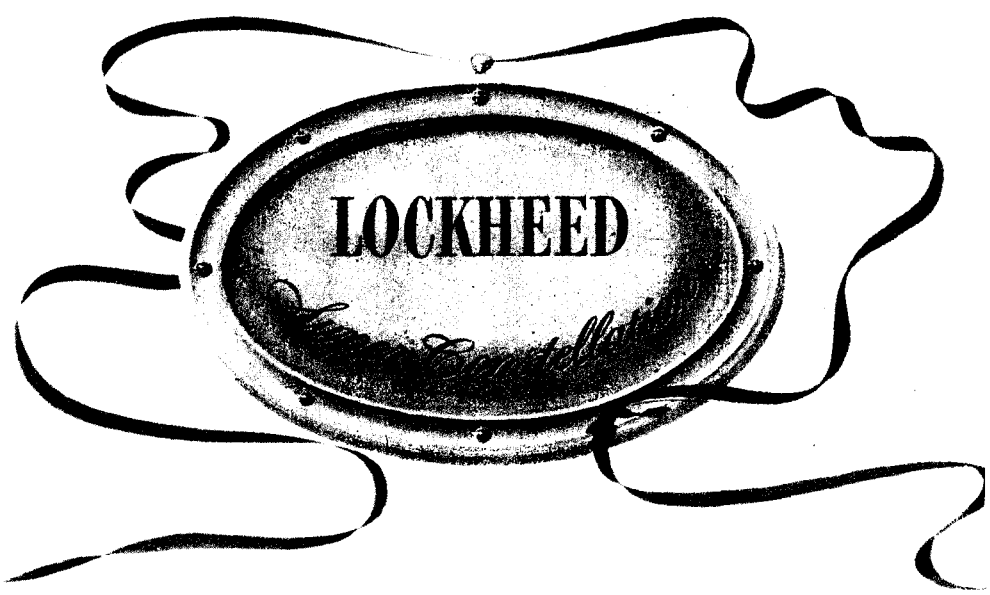

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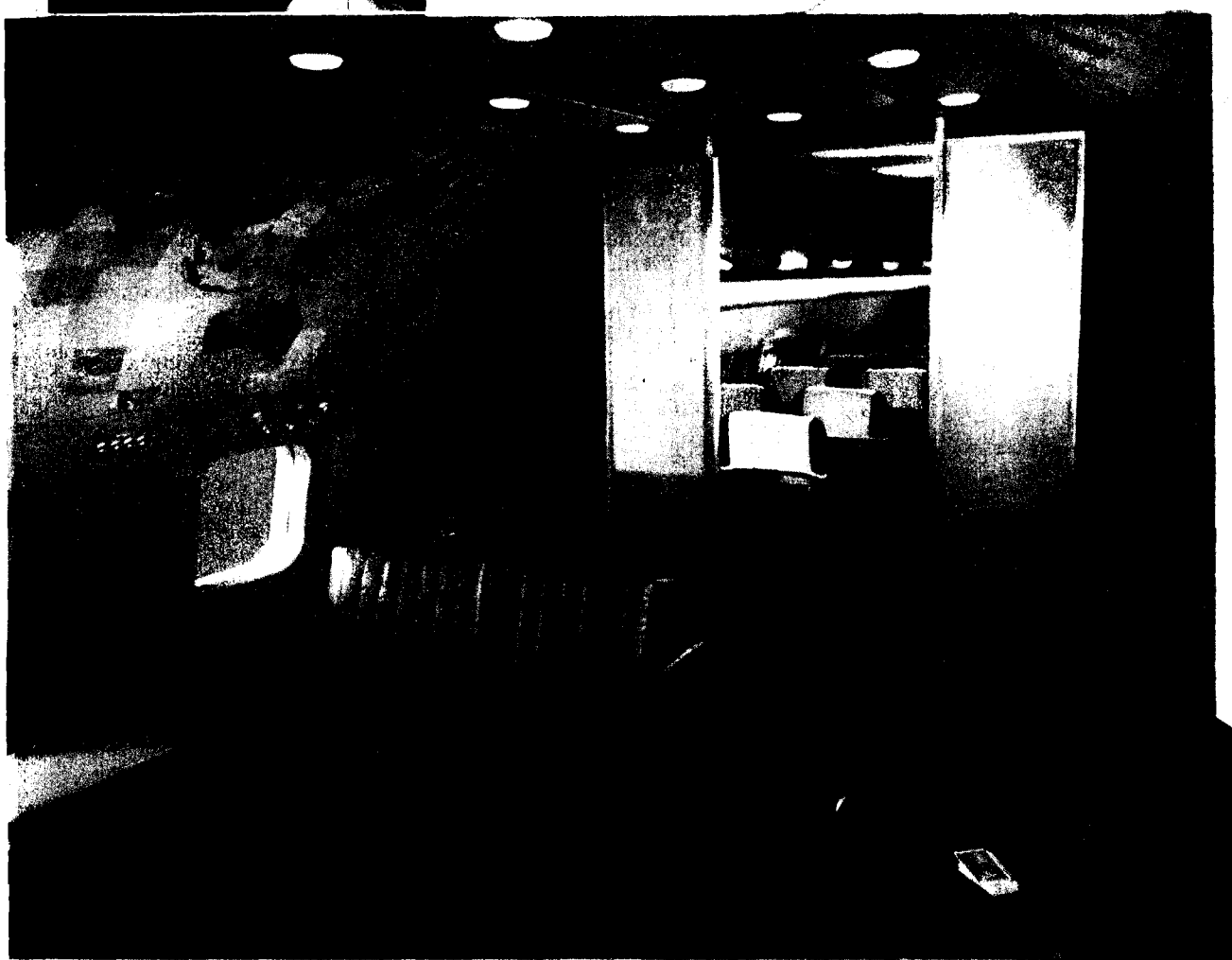

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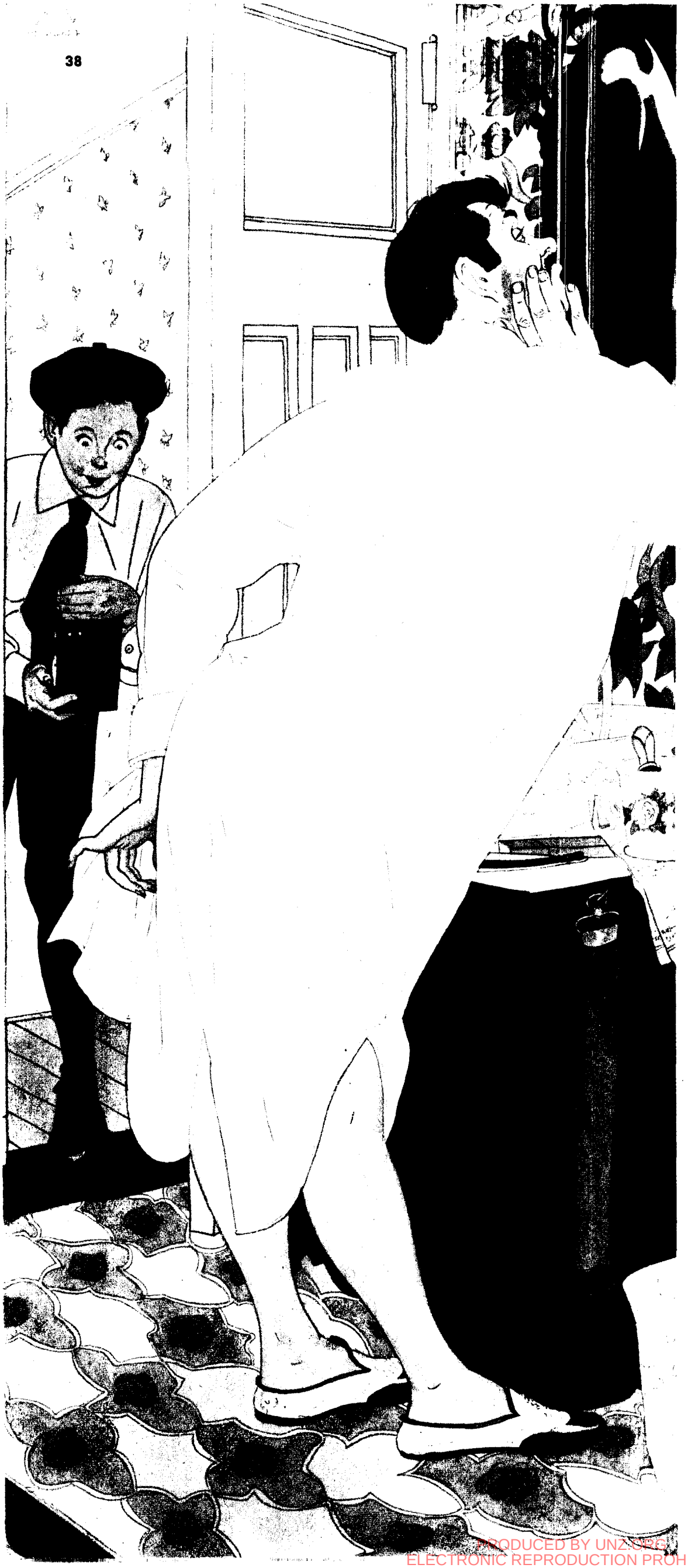

LESSER

You could call Joe's hobby photography

THE first link in the chain of cause and effect was forged when Henry O'Donnell, magisterially seated at the head of the table, handicapped his digestion by examining the April, 1910, report card of his son Joe. Experience should have taught Henry to expect little, but nevertheless he was disappointed. He put down the accusing piece of cardboard and glared at his first-born, his blood pressure rising to new heights.

"These marks," he observed, "are a disgrace."

Joe looked properly downcast. However, being a boy who liked to see the bright side of things, he pointed out that he had received a grade of ninety in penmanship.

Henry snorted. "I'm talking about the important subjects!" he roared. Picking up the card again, he thumped it with his other hand and seized on the worst example. "Look at this—sixty in French! You ought to be ashamed of yourself. You'll end up," he predicted confidently, "digging ditches."

The prospect, promising as it did entire freedom from mental toil, did not seem to dismay Joe.

"I don't know what to do with you," Henry continued, his tone changing gradually to a plaintive one. "I've tried to make you see the importance of doing well in school and *getting a decent education*—"

But the magnitude of this task, and the unavoidable realization that Joe's attitude was not entirely one of rapt attention, decided Henry to say no more at the moment. "Something has got to be done," he announced grimly. "I'll think about it." And he proceeded to carve the roast pork while the rest of the family timidly began to break the silence.

"Oh, well, it's only book French," Miss Julie said disparagingly.

Henry glared at his plump mother-in-law. "Book French or not," he said, "he's got to learn it."

"You can take a horse to water—"

Henry's look stopped her cold in the middle of the proverb. However, the matter did not rest there. Before dinner had ended, Henry's fertile mind proposed a solution. It seemed to him, possibly under the mellowing influence of an excellent meal, that perhaps a system of rewards might work better with Joe than threats and punishments had.

"Joe," he began.

"Yes, Papa."

"I've decided to make you an offer. You bring your French mark up to seventy on your next report card and I'll give you something as a reward for the effort. Not," he explained, "for getting the marks. You're big enough to realize the importance of that yourself. But to encourage you to do a little hard work. And whatever I give you, you can keep as long as your marks don't go down again."

Joe brightened. "A twenty-two rifle?" he suggested.

"Well—" Henry said, hesitatingly, as his wife Annette turned pale.

"A rifle?" Miss Julie inquired. "My heavenly fathers! Henry, you can't think of giving that boy a gun! Why, that oldest boy of Mrs. What's-her-name on Cannon Street had a gun, and he was shooting at the pigeons in the tree in the back yard, and the bullet went through the window of the Kennedy's kitchen and just missed the cook. She burned the biscuits and had the rice all gummy for a week afterward."

Joe's mother protested, too. She insisted that bringing a rifle into the house would mean the end of her peace of mind for all time.

Not because he paid any attention to their disapproval, but because he himself did not like the idea of Joe's having a rifle, Henry shook his head.

"Another year or two, Joe," he said, "and you'll be more responsible—I hope. Then, if your schoolwork is good,

Henry did not see Joe, nor hear the click of the camera as Joe succumbed to irresistible temptation

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY BECKHOFF

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EVIL

By ROBERT MOLLOY

Or—to be more accurate—you could call it blackmail

we'll discuss this matter of a rifle. This time it will have to be something else. But it will be a good present. You'll find it worth while." . . .

A month later, Henry faced the problem of what to give Joe. For Joe, by fair or foul means, had raised his French grade to seventy—not a staggering feat of scholarship but, compared to previous accomplishments, it was reasonably satisfying to his father.

There's not a boy in Charleston or in all of South Carolina, Henry thought, who has more things than Joe. He has a pony, his bicycle, the rowboat, all kinds of baseball and football equipment. He even has a fountain pen.

Henry pondered the problem. It was true that Joe had shown some interest in learning to play the drum. But Henry had already suffered enough from the bugle Joe had bought in an ill-advised moment. Even now the mere memory of Joe's croupy search for the correct tones of reveille could make Henry wince. No, a drum would not do.

In the field of science, there was, of course, the possibility of a telescope, certainly a nice, quiet sort of instrument. But there were two things against it. One was the recollection of Charlie Desfontaines, the town's amateur astronomer, who had become a fanatic on celestial phenomena, and the other was the suspicion, verging on certainty, that a telescope in Joe's possession would be the occasion of too many invasions of neighborhood privacy.

A systematic thinker, Henry continued speculating on optics. A microscope would not be sufficiently dramatic for Joe, whose temperament craved telling results. A magnifying glass was too trifling and might easily be a source of arson.

A camera: that was it! Henry did not take an instant to confirm this inspiration. A camera was not dangerous; a camera was eminently silent. It certainly would be hard, even for a boy of Joe's talents, to get into trouble with a camera. Furthermore, the addition of a developing and printing outfit might very possibly arouse Joe's interest in the marvels of chemistry.

HOWEVER much he would have preferred a rifle, Joe accepted the little box camera and printing outfit with enthusiasm. But he accepted the accompanying lecture less gladly.

"Now don't go snapping that at everything you see," Henry instructed him. "Remember, film costs money. Make every picture count. Mr. White says you'd better let him do the developing at first, and you can do the printing yourself. Don't waste the photographic paper, either, or the developer or whatever it's called. Are you listening to me, Joe, or not? And don't get into the habit of snapping that lever. You'll do that sometime when the camera's full of film."

As Joe, all promises, hurried off to experiment with his new treasure, Henry turned to Annette and Miss Julie. He beamed with satisfaction.

"Well, you see I took your advice about the rifle," he said. "A camera is certainly the perfect solution. I'd like to see him get himself into trouble with that."

"Well, I don't know," Miss Julie said. "I wouldn't be too sure. There's that daguerreotype that Sister Tessie's made all the fuss about. That was a picture that made trouble, all right."

But Henry did not comment. He did not point out that the six-year-old feud between Miss Julie and her peppery sister over the possession of the portrait of their father and mother was not due to the photograph but to the bad dispositions of the two ladies. Experience had taught him that such frankness was never welcomed.

"Anyway," Miss Julie went on, prophetically, "that boy is liable to get into trouble with anything."

HAD Henry been able to observe Joe's first photographic feats, he would have been pleased at their innocence. Proceeding with the uncontrolled enthusiasm of the beginner, Joe had taken snapshots of the house, of the pony and the cat, of the view from the back piazza and the vista from the front windows, of his brothers and sister, of his mother and of Miss Julie, who despite her disapproval of the new toy had yielded to vanity and posed stiffly in the garden. There being but one more film left of the two original rolls, Joe hastily snapped another view of the house for luck and rushed off to the optical shop to have his film developed.

He learned that developing would entail a wait of two days. Like a hunter with spent ammunition, Joe was just beginning to realize the plentifulness of game. He had not photographed the harbor, the cathedral, the market, the lumberyard, or exploited any of the thousand and one possibilities which suddenly reveal themselves for the first time to the owner of a camera. He must have more film. But he had no money, and he had a strong suspicion that his father would not care to pay immediately for the said film when Joe had used up the first two rolls in an hour.

His mother proved unsympathetic to his request for more photographic materials. Without high hopes, Joe tried his grandmother.

"Forty cents a roll for that isinglass!" Miss Julie exclaimed when she was informed of the current price of film. "My heavenly fathers! Better buy two," she said with pointed sar-

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"V-7"—new grooming discovery now in Vitalis Hair Tonic—outdates messy oils. Keeps your hair neat all day without gummy film or matted-down look.

Not an animal, vegetable or mineral oil

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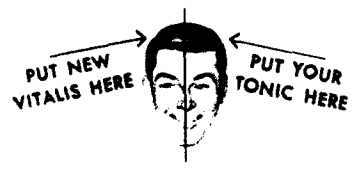

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Gift Horses

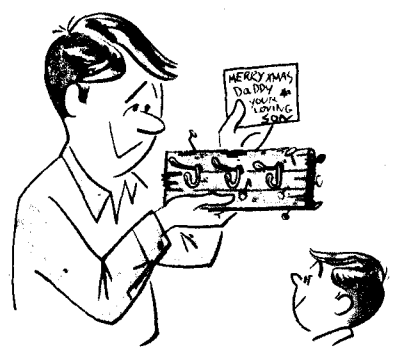
By THE BERENSTAINS

The handsome lighter from the guy you sent a nickel card

The nickel card from the guy you sent a handsome lighter

The what-is-it sent by Aunt Martha. Make a note to give it back to her in five years

The what-is-it sent by Aunt Martha. You recall giving the thing to her five years ago



It's the thought that counts

It's the thought that counts

From Al, Joe and the rest of the Wednesday-night bowling club

casm. "One might make you sick. Why don't you *draw* the things you want to make pictures of?"

It was perhaps well that Miss Julie was hard of hearing, or she might have been upset by Joe's muttered rejoinder.

Casting around for all possible sources of income, Joe thought of the lead drainpipe from the kitchen sink. A length cut off where he hoped it would not be noticed too soon yielded only fifteen cents after a long walk to the junkman's, and Joe began to regret his hasty decision to tamper with the plumbing. Short of stealing, there seemed to be no practical way of getting another quarter. The more he thought of it, the more certain Joe became that a week end without film would be unendurable. As a last resort, he determined to try impressing his father.

Thus, on his return home for supper, Henry found Joe seated on the front steps poring industriously over his French textbook. Joe looked up and greeted him in what they both took to be French.

"Well, well!" Henry said, gratified at this new zeal. "Studying your French, eh?"

"Voici mon livre," Joe said, holding up the book.

"And how did the picture-taking go?"

"Fine," Joe said. "I took the films to White's."

"Good. I'll be anxious to see how they turn out."

Disappointed at his father's failure to offer more film, Joe remained where he was. He had to be called twice to supper, and when he reluctantly entered the dining room he was still reading the French textbook as he walked. He left it dramatically open on the sideboard.

"Merci beaucoup," he said when his plate was passed. *"Oeufs,* eh?"

Henry beamed. He felt that his experiment in encouraging Joe was beginning to pay. "That's fine, my son," he said. "Fine."

"Tout ce qui brille n'est pas de l'or," Miss Julie said with her best New Orleans accent. "All is not gold that glitters."

Henry looked at her disapprovingly. "Don't discourage the child," he said gruffly. "You keep it up, Joe."

AFTER supper Joe picked up the French book from the sideboard and sat in the living room to con it.

"That's the way," Henry said when he found his son deep in study. "I'm certainly glad to see you getting right after that French."

"Oui, mon père," Joe said. "Ah—do you think you could let me have the money for another roll of film? I'd like to take some more pictures tomorrow."

Henry sighed, but he counted out forty cents. "Now this will have to be the last for a while," he remarked. But he thought the expense worth while. It was keeping Joe out of trouble, and that was something. . . .

On Saturday morning Joe ran to White's for the new film. On his return, he invested the fifteen cents received for the drainpipe in a small pack of cigarettes and two chocolate bars, the second of which he finished just as he reached home. Tossing the tin-foil wrapper in the gutter right in front of the house, he went indoors, loaded his camera, and came out again almost on the heels of Miss Julie, who was out for a window-shopping tour.

Now, one of Miss Julie's confirmed habits was collecting bits of tin foil, which she rolled into balls and sold by weight from time to time. Spying the piece Joe had tossed into the gutter, she bent over to pick it up.

Unable to resist this candid shot, Joe pointed his camera, snapped it and proceeded on his way. He took several more snapshots, the subjects being a laundry wagon, the harbor, a mule team and dray, the yacht club and finally one of the cannon on the Battery. Then he paid another visit to White's Optical Shop and left the film.

It was becoming obvious to Joe that this was going to be an expensive and therefore limited pleasure. Discouraged, he put his camera carefully away and spent the week end in a fever of impatience soothed only by tobacco.

MR. WHITE, when he gave Joe his first developed negatives, was sympathetic. "Trouble is," he explained, "you had some of these pointed at the light. This was a double exposure, because you forgot to turn the winder. You had your hand over the lens here. This one was too close, and it's blurred. You read that sheet of directions again and you'll do better."

Joe was disappointed, and he dreaded the thought of what his father would say. But at least there would be the fun of printing the pictures. He hurried home, drew the blinds and window shades in the bathroom, and, after some disasters, succeeded in making his prints without too much chemical damage to the bathtub.

He had to admit that the results were hardly impressive. The picture of Miss Julie on the piazza was quite unlike her, the cat was a fuzzy blob, the various views were heavily crossed with black shadows. Only two prints came out sharp and distinct: the double exposure which incredibly showed the mule team pulling the dray through the waters of the Cooper River, and the action photograph of Miss Julie bending over to gather the tin foil, a superbly grotesque rear view.

Although he was ashamed to show the poor results of all this trouble and expense to his father, he found Henry very understanding. "Remember you're learning to do something new," Henry said, "and that you've got to be patient. This one looks fine and sharp, even if it does have two pictures on the same film. And this—"

He stared at the picture of Miss Julie gathering the tin foil, and then he burst into delighted laughter. The tears ran down his cheeks as he stared at his mother-in-law's pose.

"Let me have that," he said. "It'll cheer me up when I'm feeling low. And here's forty cents for another roll of film. You've earned it. By the way, Joe, don't ever let your grandmother know about that picture. Dignity is sacred to most people, you know."

Putting the picture in his pocketbook, he left his puzzled son to wonder over the unpredictability of parents. When Joe had got over that wonderment, he printed another copy of the amazing snapshot. It might make other people laugh, too.

On the assumption that Mr. White might be interested in seeing his first prints, he took them with him as he went with his camera to buy more film. He was pleased that Mr. White laughed just as uproariously as Henry had at the picture of Miss Julie.

Having enjoyed Mr. White's laughter enough, he loaded his camera and left the store. And, on lower King Street, he encountered his grandmother's redoubtable sister, Miss Tessie.

"Hello, Aunt Tessie," Joe said.

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Miss Tessie looked him up and down. "Hello is for sailors!" she snapped. "How many times do I have to tell you that?"

"I'm sorry," Joe said humbly. He performed the correct greeting. "I've got a new camera," he said, proudly holding it out.

"Hoo!" Miss Tessie said, drawing her thin little body and pulling down her lips in a way that indicated unlimited contempt for both Joe and his camera. "Your great-uncle Willie," she told him, referring to her deceased husband, "was a fine photographer. I hope you'll do as well as he did." But Miss Tessie's tone indicated that she had little expectation of ever seeing this happen. Joe was, naturally, piqued.

"I can take good pictures," he declared. "And I do my own printing. Look at these."

He showed her the only clear prints he had made, those of the amphibian dray and of Miss Julie at her avocation.

"Hoo!" Miss Tessie said again. "Two pictures on one plate. That's not good picture-taking. And what's this?"

SHE was looking with unfeigned interest at the snapshot of Miss Julie bending. For almost the first time, Joe heard his dour great-aunt actually laugh. He knew, of course, that there was no love lost between Miss Tessie and his grandmother, but he hadn't expected this reaction.

"Why, that's rich," Miss Tessie declared, wiping her eyes. "Joe, I'd like to have that picture."

Joe hesitated. "I—I don't know if I ought to give it to anyone."

"I'll give you fifty cents for it," Miss Tessie said, still giggling. "And if you come up to the house, I'll cook you some banana fritters. I just got some nice ripe bananas."

"I'd like some fritters, but I don't know if I ought to take money for the picture," said Joe, who even at thirteen was something of a psychologist.

Miss Tessie was quite poor and therefore was sensitive about money. "Indeed!" she said. "I suppose my money's not good enough for you, is that it?" She took out her purse and emptied it of change. "Here," she said, "give me that picture, and now you come on and I'll cook those fritters for you."

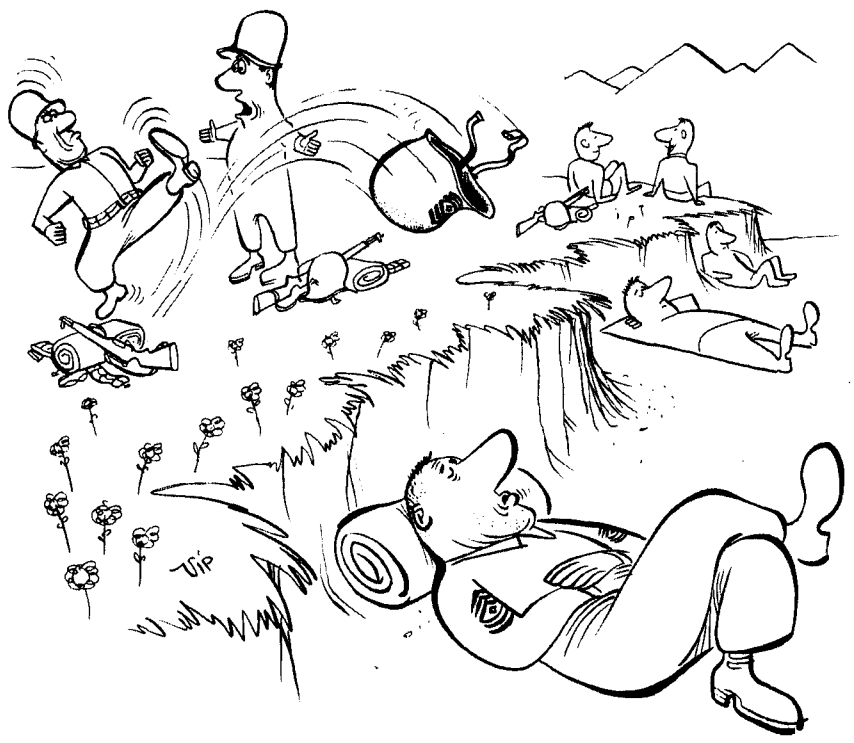
WHEN Joe left Miss Tessie's apartment he was richer by 67 cents, comfortably full of banana fritters, and had in his camera a photograph of Miss Tessie on her piazza, standing very prim and erect, with a slight scowl because of the sunshine. He had taken the picture at a good distance to make sure it came out crisp and clear, for Miss Tessie was very vain and exacting. On the way home his newly awakened aesthetic sense moved him to take a picture of a tall, graceful sycamore.

Unfortunately, as he discovered when he got the developed film, he had again neglected to turn the winder. As nearly as he could tell from the film, Miss Tessie was shown against a clear background, standing directly on top of the sycamore. Curious to see how the picture would look, Joe proceeded to print it. The result was gratifyingly absurd.

His father was even more delighted than he had been with the picture of Miss Julie reaching for the tin foil. "I knew that old tiger would contradict even the law of gravity," he chortled. "Joe, she'd jump right down your throat if she could see this. You'd better think of some excuse for not showing it to her. And don't show it to anyone else. Dignity is one of the few things the poor old soul has left. You wouldn't want to hurt her feelings. Better give me that picture."

Joe willingly handed it over. He did not receive any money this time, but he was beginning to see a light. He

VIP'S WAR



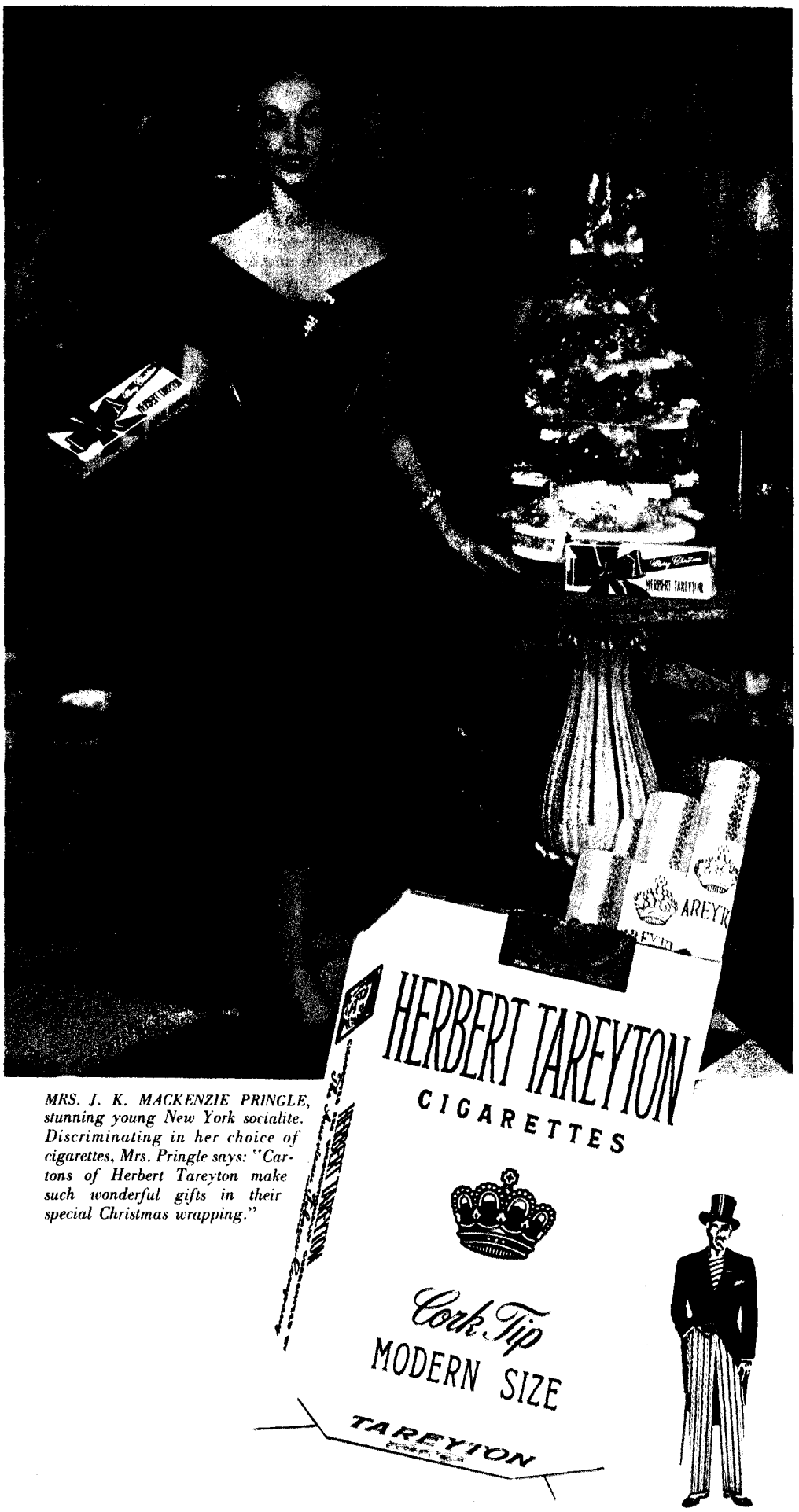
COLLIER'S

"Kicking the First Sergeant's helmet isn't going to solve things, Filstrup"

VIRGIL PARTCH

DISCRIMINATING PEOPLE PREFER

HERBERT TAREYTON



MRS. J. K. MACKENZIE PRINGLE, stunning young New York socialite. Discriminating in her choice of cigarettes, Mrs. Pringle says: "Cartons of Herbert Tareyton make such wonderful gifts in their special Christmas wrapping."

Discriminating people prefer Herbert Tareyton. They appreciate the kind of smoking that only fine tobacco and a genuine cork tip can give. The cork tip doesn't stick to the lips . . . it's clean and firm. And discriminating people prefer Herbert Tareyton because their modern size not only means a longer, cooler smoke, but that extra measure of fine tobacco makes Herbert Tareyton today's most unusual cigarette value.

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promptly prepared a duplicate and showed it to Miss Julie.

Miss Julie was at first puzzled, but when she understood, she too laughed until the tears came. "Tessie up a tree!" she crowed delightedly. "Oh, my heavenly fathers!" She took off her gold-rimmed spectacles and wiped them. "You give me that picture, like a good boy," she suggested.

"But—" Joe said.

"She'll never know," Miss Julie said, quite unconscious of the fact that her own picture in an undignified situation had been sold to the opposition. "Look here, Joe. You give me that snapshot and I'll buy you another roll of film."

With a show of unwillingness, Joe held out the print. "Film is forty cents," he reminded the old lady.

Miss Julie winced, for, with all her amiable characteristics, she was thrifty to a degree. But this time thrift lost.

"I've got to have that picture," she murmured. "I wouldn't want such a comic valentine of me own sister to fall into the wrong hands." Despite her pain at parting with forty cents, she chuckled as she thrust the snapshot into the pocket of her apron. "Now," she remarked "it's out of harm's way." And she winked at nobody in particular.

THOUGH financially successful to an undreamed-of extent, Joe was disturbed. He knew that his Aunt Tessie would want to see that photograph of herself and that she would not accept any explanations. If he showed it to her as it was, she would be sure to kick up a row. And Miss Tessie when ready to kick up a row was an opponent no mere boy of thirteen could face without misgivings. He decided to consult Mr. White.

The optician held the negative to the light and scanned it with an expert eye. Once more he laughed in appreciation.

"Miss Tessie Gerard!" he exclaimed. "That's right, she's your mother's aunt, isn't she? Well, you'd better not show her this, my boy." He looked at Joe appraisingly. "I'll never forget the time my clerk made a mistake in the frames for her eyeglasses. The poor fellow hasn't got over it yet. Joe, my boy, you've got the equivalent of a large chunk of dynamite there."

"She'll want to see the picture," Joe said uneasily, "and gosh, if she does, she'll think I did it on purpose to make fun of her. Can you fix it some way?"

Mr. White considered. "Tell you what," he said. "Suppose, just as an experiment, we cut out the tree part, trim the film down and enlarge the part that shows your aunt? She won't know the difference."

"I didn't know you could do that," Joe said.

"Oh, sure, you can do all sorts of tricks with film if you want to take the trouble," Mr. White said, with the satisfaction of a master imparting his lore. "Now, this one may give us a little trouble. You see, there's nothing under her feet. We'll have to touch that up to look like a floor of some kind. Have you got any pictures with a piazza floor in them?"

There was one of the cat, Joe remembered, in which only the floor had come out clear and sharp. Mr. White sent him to fetch it. Then, with the scissors and a bit of cement, Mr. White soon had the negative ready and slipped it into the enlarger. The result was a neat print of Miss Tessie firmly planted on what looked just like her own piazza.

"Gee, that's great!" Joe said.

Mr. White shrugged modestly. "I'll charge you ten cents for the materials," he said, "and throw in the work free. Now you take good care of that negative. I shouldn't be surprised if your aunt would like a number of prints. If she does I'll enlarge them for you."

Mr. White proved a good prophet. Miss Tessie was delighted with her picture and, being not a trifle vain, she stared at it for some time in admiring silence.

"Sister Emma and Sister Josephine would like to have that," she predicted confidently. "You make me a couple more of those prints, Joe, and I'll give you a quarter for your trouble and cook you some more fritters." . . .

It was going to be a good Saturday, Joe thought. He had two fresh rolls of film, some change to spare and unlimited possibilities. There was good strong sunlight, too. You could even take indoor pictures on such a morning.

Passing through the hall on the way downstairs with his camera, he glanced into his parents' bedroom. Henry O'Donnell, in his white nainsook nightshirt, was preparing to shave at the open window. A vagrant irritation of the skin on his thigh moved him to lift the corner of the nightshirt and scratch. He did not see Joe, nor hear the click of the camera as Joe succumbed to irresistible temptation, nor Joe's rapid footsteps descending the stairs.

AS SOON as he had downed his breakfast, Joe went forth in high spirits. The cook next door was picking up chips. Boldly he pointed the camera at her.

The cook in question, a large, rawboned countrywoman, did not take kindly to having any sort of voodoo practiced upon her. She seized a large chunk of wood and held it like Jove with his thunderbolt.

"Don't you point no t'ing at me!" she roared. Then, letting go of the pine block, she rushed screaming into the house.

Joe, having escaped the missile, dismissed the affair from his mind and proceeded on his way.

Cutting across town, he emerged on a very questionable street on the east side of the city and there, to his amazement, saw that most dignified citizen, Colonel Vandyck, who, it must be clearly explained, had also been seeking a short cut. Attributing the colonel's roars of protest to mere eccentricity, Joe took his picture directly in front of a notorious establishment and hurried on. . . .

Ten minutes later, as Henry O'Donnell was settling himself in his chair in the office, Colonel Vandyck was announced. The colonel was cold to Henry's greetings and came right to the point.

"Sir," he said, "that boy of yours had the cheek to take a picture of me in front of a notorious house on Bender Street. I need not explain that I was going through that street merely as a short cut."

"I'm sure that Joe meant no harm," Henry said, but he was not so sure. He remembered those pictures of Miss Julie and Miss Tessie in his pocketbook.

"I must ask you to destroy that film before—before it can be seen by others," the colonel said.

"I'll take care of it, Colonel," Henry assured him.

The colonel appeared mollified. "Ah," he said. "I have confided in you about my being in—in that particular location. A mere chance."

"I'll say nothing about it, Colonel," Henry promised.

He could not help smiling as he sat down and began to look at the papers on his desk.

Not five minutes later the office boy announced Mr. Foster, the O'Donnells' next-door neighbor. Mr. Foster, too, was indignant.

"Mr. O'Donnell," he said angrily, "that boy of yours has deprived us of our cook. He pointed a camera at her as nearly as we can make out, and she was convinced it was some kind of conjure or voodoo and has gone." Mr. Foster glared. "She will be hard to replace."

Henry made profuse apologies and promised to speak firmly to his erring son. He was beginning to lose faith in the harmlessness of that camera.

AS JOE, on his way home from a successful morning, passed the gate of City Hall Park, he was down to his last exposure. Casually glancing in at the statue of William Pitt in his anachronistic toga, he was struck by something familiar. The toga. The pose. They were oddly like his father, that morning, in his nightshirt.

Carefully estimating the distance, Joe photographed Mr. Pitt on his pedestal and went to White's Optical Store. Having left the film, he passed the rest of his holiday in what, for him, were dreams of grandeur.

This camera business might easily turn out to be not only self-supporting but also profitable. He might even have enough money to buy a rifle. The future looked rosy.

He was a little taken aback by Henry's lecture concerning the unauthorized photographing of lens-shy cooks from the back country, and gentlemen out of their orbits, but he shrugged it off. He wasn't going to let such trifles spoil his holiday.

He could not know, of course, that after vespers that Sunday afternoon Miss Julie, in a moment of bonhomie, had shown her comic picture of Miss Tessie to the town gossip, Miss Susan Williams, or that Miss Susan Williams had made it her business to inform Miss Tessie that she had seen it.

Neither could he know that Miss Tessie, naturally wrathful at this revelation of Joe's perfidy and her sister's lack of family feeling, had shown Miss Susan her picture of Miss Julie rescuing the tin foil. Or that Miss Susan, careful to cover up her own traces, had deputized Miss Georgie Peters to inform Miss Julie.

Having recovered his film after school that Monday, he had busied himself until late in the afternoon preparing the montage he had planned. The result, though crude, was effective. It showed his father, impressive in his nightshirt, standing atop the pedestal in

BEDLAM IN TOYLAND

You've *got* to buy an electric train,
A model plane, a model crane
And cowboy boots? Before you're through
There's a punching bag and a dump truck, too,
With a quacking duck and a Teddy bear.
So *you* think Christmas gets in your hair;
You really think *you're* getting the works?
Relax, my friends, and think of the clerks!

A few days more and it'll all be over.
Stores and parents will be in clover.
The din and crowding will cease again.
Ah, peace on earth, good will to men!
Gone with his beard will be Santa Claus,
Finished with shaking those candied paws.
But till it's past, you must agree
That Toyland's where you have to be!

—MARGARET FISHBACK

COLLIER'S LAFE LOCKE

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City Hall Park, thoughtfully scratching his thigh. Joe found it so richly satisfying that he laughed loud and long over it. He was fairly certain that his Uncle Francis, who did not care greatly for his brother-in-law, would be mightily interested in that photograph. And he was so delighted with his accomplishment that he thought it well worth showing to a friend or two. Absent on this errand, he thus missed the very considerable to-do which followed Miss Georgie Peters' visit.

Immediately after this visit, Annette called her husband at his office.

From the very first words of his wife's voice over the telephone, Henry O'Donnell knew that she was very near tears.

"Henry," she wailed, "Joe has sold Aunt Tessie a funny picture of Ma—"

"He what?" Henry shouted.

"Sold Aunt Tessie a funny picture of Ma," Annette informed him. "Miss Georgie Peters just told Ma about it, and she's raised the roof. She's packing her trunk right now to take the night train to Chattanooga."

When Henry had partly recovered from the effect of this news, the office boy announced Miss Tessie. There was no mistaking what had happened. An expert in putting two and two together, Henry saw now where Joe had got all the money for that extra film. He took a deep breath and braced himself for the onslaught.

"Ask her to come in," he ordered, and his voice was like the voice of a man about to mount the scaffold.

HE LEFT his office early that evening, a troubled and weary man, but still a man with the power of decision. The camera must be impounded immediately, of that there was no question. The peace of an entire city might depend on it.

On the other hand, Joe's scholastic momentum must not be hindered. The camera would have to be seized, and the proper scolding given, but in all fairness Henry would have to substitute another gift. And this one would lay him open to disapproval on the part of his wife.

Squaring his shoulder, he turned in at the gunsmith's. . . .

The pale light of morning was filtering through the blinds when Henry became aware that Annette was nudging him in the ribs.

"What is it?" he demanded, sleepily.

"Listen."

FROM the back yard, Henry heard the faint crack of a twenty-two-caliber rifle. Having identified it, he lay back and smiled.

"Joe and his new gun," he said.

"Gun?" Annette almost screamed. "A gun? You gave Joe a—"

But Henry was calm. The knowledge that the camera was safely locked up gave him a great peace of spirit.

"Never mind," he said. "Let the boy alone and don't worry. The worst he can do with a rifle is to shoot somebody." . . .

Down in the yard, Joe carefully inserted another cartridge into the chamber of the rifle, aimed at a knot in the back fence and fired. The bullet went over the fence, but Joe was not disturbed by any thought of where it might land. He tried another shot and hit the bull's-eye. This, he was sure, was going to be more fun than any camera, and the ammunition would last longer. Besides, for what Uncle Francis would offer for that statue pose of his father, he would be able to buy several more boxes of cartridges.

But after some consideration he decided not to offer the picture to his Uncle Francis at present. You couldn't trust people too far in matters like this. Besides, all sorts of things might happen. He might not do too well with French on his next report card; he might get into difficulties with the rifle. And someday that abbreviated drainpipe was sure to be discovered.

There was no use inviting trouble. It came easily enough by itself. ▲▲▲

"Well, if I were you, I think I'd start off by wishing him 'Merry Christmas' "

COLLIER'S — BILL KING

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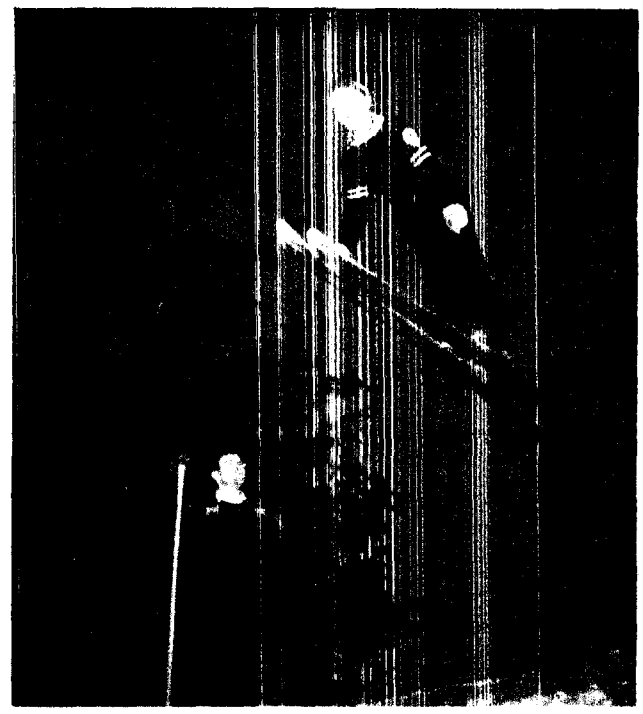
THE FLYIN' DIONS

Kid Ski Whizzes

The U.S.'s best hopes for capturing its first Olympic ski jumping laurels are pinned on three skiing prodigies, aged 13, 12 and 10



Ernie, a champion ski jumper who instructs Lebanon youngsters, watches son Roger jump

THROUGHOUT the summer, Storrs Hill, a steep incline up in Lebanon, New Hampshire, is just an ordinary hill. But with the coming of the first snow, it becomes one of the most pampered slopes in the United States. Storrs Hill is the site of Lebanon's ski jump, and the outdoor classroom and training ground for the town's already distinguished young jumpers. During the winter, the hill is groomed and patted and smoothed out with the same care given a championship golf green, and much of the spare time available to folks in Lebanon is spent keeping the hill in shape.

The flyin' Dions (l. to r.) Dougie, 10, Roger, 13, cousin Bernie, 12

It's a labor of love. Many Lebanonites are convinced that one of Storrs Hill's small-fry graduates will go on to win an Olympic ski jumping championship—thereby becoming the first American to do so, and bringing renown to Lebanon. Most of their hopes are pinned on the three Dion boys, Roger, his brother Douglas (Dougie), and their cousin Bernie. There's an excellent chance that Lebanon won't be disappointed.

Even in Yankee New England, where skiing is so commonplace it's considered just another form of transportation, the exploits of the Dion boys have created a stir. Thirteen-year-old Roger, the oldest, consistently jumps farther than most adults. He closed out the season last year with a 176-foot leap. Most grownups feel they've hit the big time if they make 150 feet. Roger is the ace member of Lebanon's trio of waxed-stave prodigies; but Bernie, twelve, and Dougie, ten, are close behind him.

If the Dion boys fail to break the Scandinavian monopoly on the Olympic jumping title, it won't be for lack of training. Ernest Dion, the father of Roger and Dougie, has made skiing almost a religion in his household. Ernie has competed in national ski competition for the past 20 years. In 1940, he tried out for the Olympic ski squad. Thus, it was natural that after his sons were born he clamped a pair of skis on them almost the moment they could walk. The two boys, and their cousin Bernie, started on the ski trail when they reached eighteen months old. Roger won his first prize at the age of four. Dougie and Bernie were five before they took any honors.

Daddy Dion puts the boys through intensive training every year, from early fall until the last flake of snow disappears in spring. Now they are almost in a class by themselves. Their ages make them ineligible to compete in most meets, but they manage to get in their licks by putting on exhibitions in which they frequently outjump the adult contestants. They did just that at last year's Dartmouth College ski meet.

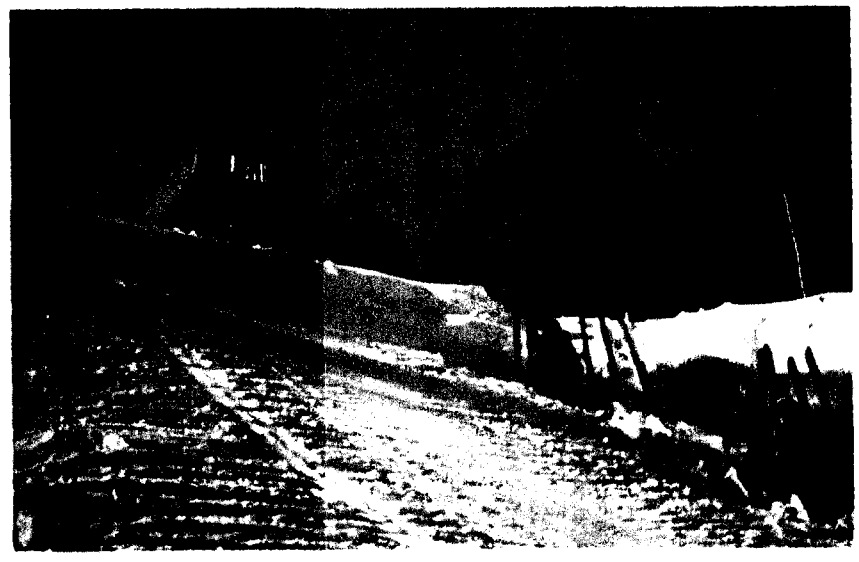
On their home grounds at Storrs Hill, the boys often find simple jumping gets dull, so they whistle down the hill in some extremely unorthodox styles. Two of their favorites are the swan dive (arms extended) and the Christopher Columbus (hands shielding the eyes as if looking for the New World).

Of their ability, Andrea Mead Lawrence, winner of two gold medals at the 1952 Olympics—the only U.S. skier ever to do so—says:

"If they keep on at the rate they're going, the Dion kids are certain to make the Olympic team, once they're big enough to strap on some man-size skis." ▲▲▲

Skier's-eye view from top of Storrs Hill run is frightening. Bernie is paused for descent

Start 'em young. Bobby Jarry, 5, tries out anthill-sized jump with help from Roger and Ernie. Bernie (left) and Douglas (rear) kibitz



Dougie, youngest Dion jumper, swoops into air in conventional leap, but boys often invent new jumping styles to make sport more difficult

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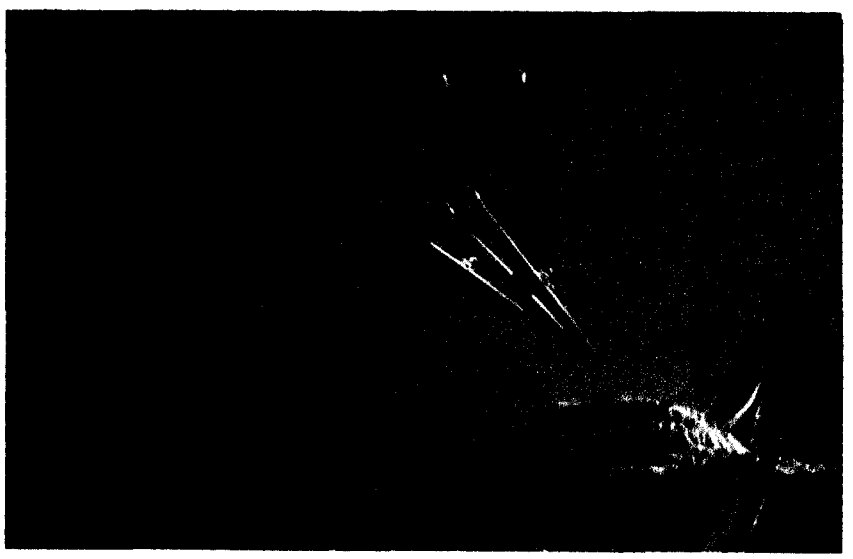
Roger, ace young jumper of the Dion family, roars out into space in unorthodox, and difficult, hands-behind-back leap at Lebanon, New Hampshire. Boys have been jumping since they were toddlers and now can outleap most adults

Storrs Hill, site of jump, is groomed by youngsters before jumping begins. Children maintain own discipline, sometimes are unsupervised



The "double jump," another Lebanon specialty, comes off gracefully with Bernie (left) and Peter Langlois shooting into air side by side

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY DAVID B. EISENDRATH, JR.

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"You owe us about fifteen hundred bucks," I said. She stood close to me, looking over my shoulder. I could hear her breathe. It was too much for me

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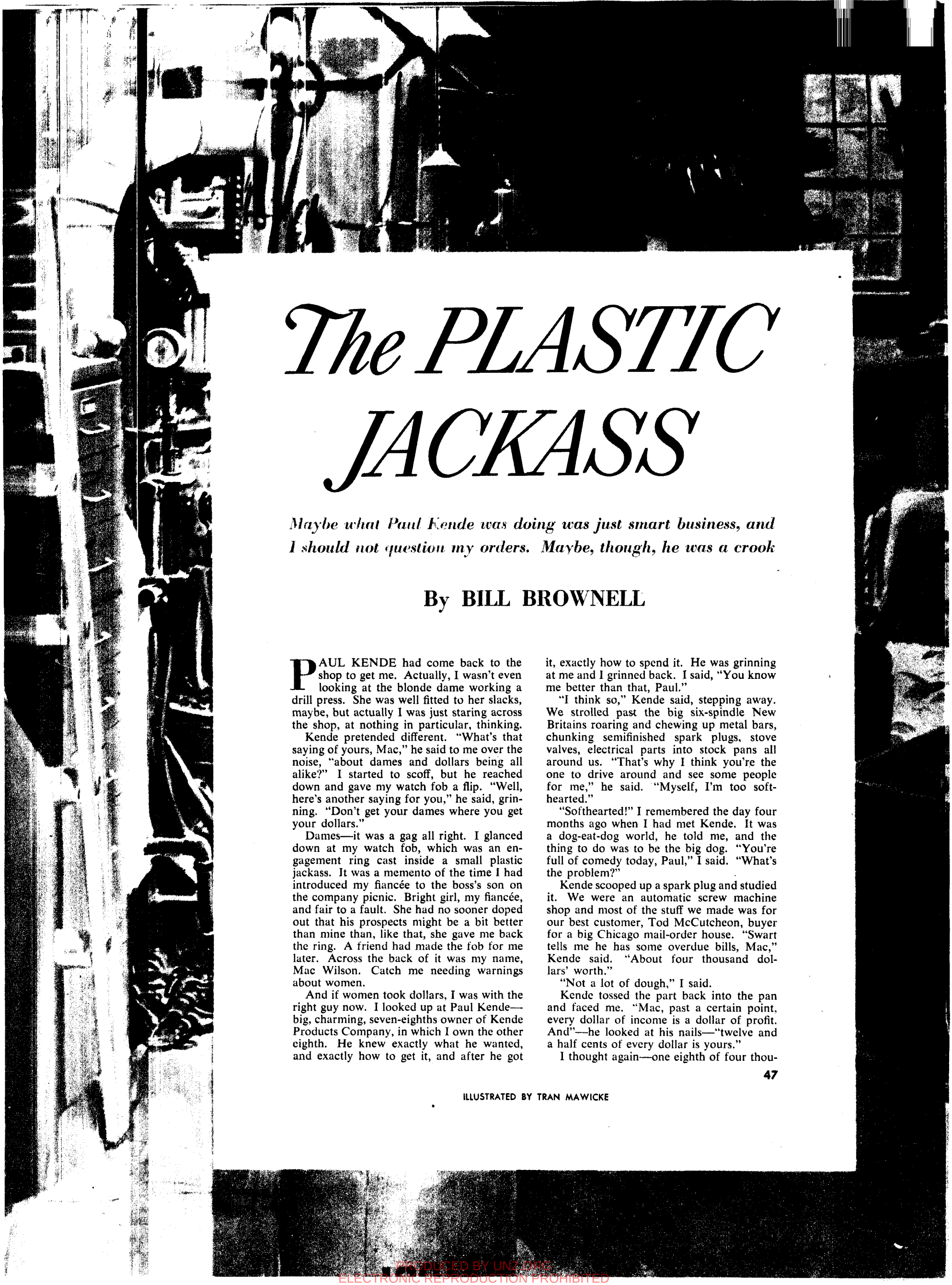

The PLASTIC JACKASS

Maybe what Paul Kende was doing was just smart business, and I should not question my orders. Maybe, though, he was a crook

By BILL BROWNELL

PAUL KENDE had come back to the shop to get me. Actually, I wasn't even looking at the blonde dame working a drill press. She was well fitted to her slacks, maybe, but actually I was just staring across the shop, at nothing in particular, thinking.

Kende pretended different. "What's that saying of yours, Mac," he said to me over the noise, "about dames and dollars being all alike?" I started to scoff, but he reached down and gave my watch fob a flip. "Well, here's another saying for you," he said, grinning. "Don't get your dames where you get your dollars."

Dames—it was a gag all right. I glanced down at my watch fob, which was an engagement ring cast inside a small plastic jackass. It was a memento of the time I had introduced my fiancée to the boss's son on the company picnic. Bright girl, my fiancée, and fair to a fault. She had no sooner doped out that his prospects might be a bit better than mine than, like that, she gave me back the ring. A friend had made the fob for me later. Across the back of it was my name, Mac Wilson. Catch me needing warnings about women.

And if women took dollars, I was with the right guy now. I looked up at Paul Kende—big, charming, seven-eighths owner of Kende Products Company, in which I own the other eighth. He knew exactly what he wanted, and exactly how to get it, and after he got it, exactly how to spend it. He was grinning at me and I grinned back. I said, "You know me better than that, Paul."

"I think so," Kende said, stepping away. We strolled past the big six-spindle New Britains roaring and chewing up metal bars, chunking semifinished spark plugs, stove valves, electrical parts into stock pans all around us. "That's why I think you're the one to drive around and see some people for me," he said. "Myself, I'm too soft-hearted."

"Softhearted!" I remembered the day four months ago when I had met Kende. It was a dog-eat-dog world, he told me, and the thing to do was to be the big dog. "You're full of comedy today, Paul," I said. "What's the problem?"

Kende scooped up a spark plug and studied it. We were an automatic screw machine shop and most of the stuff we made was for our best customer, Tod McCutcheon, buyer for a big Chicago mail-order house. "Swart tells me he has some overdue bills, Mac," Kende said. "About four thousand dollars' worth."

"Not a lot of dough," I said.

Kende tossed the part back into the pan and faced me. "Mac, past a certain point, every dollar of income is a dollar of profit. And"—he looked at his nails—"twelve and a half cents of every dollar is yours."

I thought again—one eighth of four thou-

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sand—and revised my opinion. "As you say, Paul, it's a lot of dough."

I left Kende and headed back toward the office. I picked my way down the row of screaming drill presses. The blonde in the slacks was there methodically pumping a press handle. Spark plugs, blondes and dollars are all made in thousand lots.

WOODY SWART, our lawyer-accountant, was sitting figuring at the table in front of the office safe. I closed the door on the uproar of the shop. "Got some bills for me, Woody?"

"Ah," he said, glancing up absently, "over there."

I picked them up. There were five of them. One name caught my eye. "Say, Woody," I said.

He didn't answer. I looked at the bill again. *Chandler Mfg. Co.* What was it about the name? Oh, yes, when I was first considering coming in with Kende, some lathe hand had mentioned that a guy named Chandler had once owned this shop. When I asked him how come the place had Kende's name on the door then, he muttered something about Kende doing the guy out of the business, and clammed up. At least, that was his version. Well, it didn't really matter. Still—

"Say, Woody," I said again.

He kept right on figuring. It didn't matter, but he was a complete little wise guy, Swart. I looked at his ratlike face concentrating on the books and felt an urge to kick his chair out from under him. "Woody," I said softly.

"Ye-es," he replied softly, mimicking me, without looking up.

"Woody," I went on, "if you don't pay attention to me I'll break every bone in your head."

He looked up sharply, and a sour smile widened on his face. "Yes, Mac," he said, "what do you want?"

"What's with Kende and the Chandler outfit?" I asked.

Swart's smile faded. "What did you hear?" he asked.

"I want your version of what happened. I'm starting a collection."

Swart sniffed and started to go back to his figuring, but I laid my clenched fist on the table beside his ledger, and he looked up again with a sneer. "The son, Chet Chandler, used to own this shop. He ran it into the ground and decided to join the Navy."

Swart's expression got more unreadable as he went on. "Kende had come in to straighten things out. Before he could finish, Chandler got himself killed in the Pacific." He shrugged. "The shop was only a couple thousand in the black. The Chandlers didn't know how to run it. Out of generosity, Kende offered old Dad Chandler a fair price and bought it." Swart looked steadily at me. "That's the official version. Now, go poll somebody else. I got work to do."

I drove off to see the first debtor, wondering. It was confusing. It didn't really matter, except that when Kende had sold me the one-eighth interest, he had shown me a credit balance over $100,000. In fact, he had explained that my share would only cost me $3,000—all I had—because he needed me so badly to help run the place.

At the first stop, a sharp lawyer tried to give me the big business about how his client's place was in receivership now, and no bills could be paid until they liquidated. He was very important, until I noticed our latest delivery sitting by the door, unopened. According to the bill and the markings on the box, it contained fifty thousand tiny brass ball-pen nibs. I started shoving the box toward the door. "You've got fifty thousand half-finished ball pens laying around here that are going to stay half-finished unless I get paid," I told him.

You have to be tough about dollars. Work-in-process liquidates poorly if at all, and he knew it. With those parts his company could complete an order to one of their own customers, and get paid. He smiled ingratiatingly. "Fifty per cent," he said. He had a nerve.

"One hundred per cent," I said, kicking the box. And one hundred per cent I finally got. The second stop was no better, the owner claiming his only money was for a vital operation on his invalid wife, who then came in to do nerve-racking coughs and chest thumpings. Oh, the high cost of money!

It was midafternoon when I got to the Chandler Mfg. Co. It was twenty miles out of town on a side road, in a dilapidated three-car garage. This looked like the hard one. I walked up to a side door. I could hear no machinery working inside. I gave a push.

"Come on in and make yourself comfortable."

It was a woman's voice and I was already in. I squinted around, waiting for my eyes to adjust to the light. When they did, I saw chaos. The garage was piled from one end to the other with tools, parts, packing boxes and machinery. At one point, peeking out from tarpaulins, there even seemed to be household furniture.

IN THE whole place, the only spot of order was an area about three feet square by the window. There, sitting neatly on a tall stool, taking parts from two neat stacks on one hand, fitting them neatly together, and stacking them on the other hand, was a very neat woman—very neat in every way.

"I didn't mean to startle you," I said.

She laughed. "Pull up something, anything, and sit down."

A shiny brunette, with dark red lips and a flashing smile—yes, she was neat all right, real neat. I nodded and said, "My name is Mac Wilson."

"Positively charmed, Mr. Wilson. I'm Randie Chandler."

"Ah—Miss Chandler, I'm from the Kende Products Company."

For just an instant, a tiny flicker broke her smile, like one damaged frame in a movie film—or perhaps I only imagined it. "And to what do we owe this visit?" she asked.

"Owe?" It was a damn' shame. "Well, that's it. It seems you owe us about fifteen hundred bucks, Miss Chandler. And for that we would visit you, if necessary, in metropolitan Hades."

"Here, here," Randie Chandler said, with mock seriousness, "don't look so grim. We're the miserable ones at this house."

She got up to come around and look at my bill. I moved over under the light and she stood close behind me, looking over my shoulder. I could hear her breathe. It was too much, way too much. "Say, back there," I said to her, "will you look and see if the hair on my neck is standing on end?"

"What?" she said, stepping away.

"That's better. Now, where were we when the fire broke out?"

"I was over here looking destitute, and you were sitting there with your hands cupped, asking for money," she said. Then I heard the door open behind me. "Ah," she said to someone, "you're just in time."

I turned to see a surprised, little old fellow in a shop apron. His eyebrows were arched, his rimless glasses a little tilted, his white hair mussed, and I saw instantly that here was the active force behind the surrounding disorganization. He was a kind-looking guy, but not a bit neat.

"Mr. Wilson, meet my father," Randie said.

"Yes, pleased to meet you, Mr. Chandler," I replied.

"Dad," she said, "this is Mr. Wilson from Kende Products."

His surprised look, which had started to turn into a smile, turned back into a surprised look. I felt obliged to say something, and the girl had got me wanting to avoid the subject of the bill. "Why, I, ah, yes," I said, struggling to get off the ground. "Your daughter and I were just talking about—what you were trying to do here. Do you think you perhaps have time to show me the, ah, product in production?" I put on a muscular smile. . . .

"Well," I said after I had seen their product work for the fifth or sixth time, "how about that! A toy rocket launcher!"

Dad Chandler may have been no organizer, but he was a mighty ingenious toy maker. He showed me where our parts fitted in the launcher, and Randie insisted I take a finished sample.

THE little toy was electric. That is, it ran on a low-voltage transformer, like millions of kids use to power their toy trains. Its light, little, coil-wound plastic rockets were in a foot-high launcher. When you pressed the launching button, current charged a series of magnetic rings, causing the rocket to leap up through them, soaring forty or fifty feet in the air, whereupon a parachute blossomed out, floating the rocket back down. From a manufacturing standpoint it was ingeniously simple. My guess was, kids would love it. I asked, "What's the production cost?"

"Without the transformer," Dad said, "with one rocket, including packaging"—he screwed up his face thoughtfully—"in lots of ten thousand, maybe eighty cents apiece."

That checked with my estimate. At two ninety-five they *should* be a sellout.

"Additional rockets," Dad added, "ten cents apiece."

I nodded. I glanced at Randie. She was looking at her dad, pride and affection plain in her eyes. I walked over to the workbench and stood there a minute. Fifteen hundred bucks would buy the whole outfit. Old Dad Chandler, was this the sum of his life—the rocket launcher, all the other things here? I figured he couldn't miss making money if he could get his electric toy into production, and he'd probably had the same hope about other inventions. Maybe I was wrong like Dad was wrong. You didn't have to be much of a character analyst to see that, although he was ingenious, Dad was impractical.

I turned to Randie then. I pulled out my watch—and plastic fob.

"Sorry we aren't better hosts, Mr. Wilson," Randie said. "However, if you'd like a drink, there's a place . . ." I was staring at the fob of my watch—Mac Wilson, the plastic jackass. You'd think I'd learn. ". . . and that's about the only choice," she concluded.

"Huh?" I asked, realizing I had missed most of what she had said. She repeated an invitation, and I found myself following her out the door into the late-afternoon sun.

She started ahead of me down the road, glancing back over her shoulder occasionally, chatting pleasantly about their shop. I watched her walk. Her walk, too, was enticingly neat. I heard myself whistling a little tune.

Around on the main highway was a tavern, mostly deserted. We sat facing each other. A waiter came up. Randie suggested something. "Yeah," I agreed, without thinking. The waiter started away with our order. "What?" I said, half rising. "No, not a pink lady!" The waiter stopped abruptly, and I looked hard at Randie. She was a beautiful little animal all right.

"Scotch," I said, and after that I paid more attention. I hadn't entirely made up my mind what to do about the Chandlers; there were things I wanted to find out. We talked; it got dark out.

She spoke freely. Her mother had died when she was a girl. She had gone to boarding school. Her father had been granted a number of patents dur-

KENNESAW

COLLIER'S **"Hap heard so much about two-pants suits he decided to buy one"** REAMER KELLER

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ing his lifetime. Some he had sold; some he still held. At least one had been stolen through some legal skulduggery. One still paid small monthly royalties. She spoke freely, and yet she managed to avoid the things I was most interested in: her brother, for instance, who had once owned the Kende Products Company.

In turn, she seemed terribly interested in me. At first I thought her interest was just polite, but as the hours went by, and we stayed for dinner, I began to wonder. I told her about my work, the shop, our customers. I told her I was Kende's partner. I told her all about Kende and how, in the four months I had known him, the world being what it was, he had become my idea of the right kind of guy.

Kende was a successful businessman, and she was interested to learn about him. I was surprised somehow to find myself describing Kende to Randie almost defensively, trying to explain and justify him, almost to apologize for the views he held.

Then—talk about acting on impulse! Well, for one thing, I had had too much to drink. Also, Randie was an extremely attractive woman. Then, too, she had paid so much attention to me, maybe I mistook us for old acquaintances. Anyway, about midnight, after we'd got back to where I had left the car and she had stood there looking beautiful at me, I finally noticed that I had seized her and was kissing her solidly on the mouth. I let go then and stepped back hastily.

"I—Randie," I said at first, "I'm very sorry." But then gradually it came to me that, in a way, she had been leading me on.

I heard Kende telling me not to get my dames where I got my dollars. A wave of cynicism swept over me. The fifteen hundred dollars they owed us—the price was high enough. I rejected the thought.

"Please forgive me," I said. "I guess I'm awfully tight." I got into the car. The toy rocket launcher she had given me lay on the seat.

She rested a hand on the window sill as I started the engine. "Forgive you for what?" she asked softly.

I turned at the end of the side road and headed back to town. It had been a highly confusing day.

KENDE was waiting for me when I came in in the morning. "Hiya, Mac," he said cordially. "Say, you don't look too good. Have a bad night? Sit down here and I'll get you a Bromo." He seemed genuinely concerned, and I felt the old affinity for him.

After I had finished the Bromo, I sat back. On the way in I had decided against it, but now I found myself telling him all about yesterday. He was glad to get the money I had collected on the first two calls, but the thing that really put high lights in his eyes was what I brought from the third.

Kende watched the sample toy rocket launcher work again and again, asking all sorts of questions: about it, about Chandler, and about Chandler's patent. Finally, he fell silent a minute.

"Look, Mac," he said then, "this is all very interesting, but what about the invoice? The fourteen hundred eighty-five dollars. Did they pay it? If so, where's the money? If not, why not?" When I didn't answer, he went on, "All right, then when? You know, Mac, this is no way to run a railroad."

"Paul, wait a minute," I said. "Maybe we ought to give these people a break. With a little help from us—"

He interrupted me. "A break?" he asked. "Mac, let me tell you something." Gently he said, "You know, I've been helping the Chandlers for a long time."

He told me how he had taken over for young Chandler, back in 1942. Business was bad and the employees disgruntled and the place in debt. No wonder Chet had wanted to run off to the Navy. "The adventure of it appealed to him, I suppose," Kende mused. "I was shocked when the news of his death came." He looked down at the floor, shaking his head a little.

Fortunately he had got enough time to build the business back into the black before Chet's death, he went on. It wasn't much, a few thousand dollars, but it was a credit balance. At least young Chet didn't leave debts for his family to pay. In fact, Kende admitted modestly, he himself had raised the money to buy out the firm and guard the Chandlers against further risk.

"It's funny you should tell me about that," I said. I had come in intending to ask for Kende's version of the story. It was funny too, the way everybody saw it a little different.

"Really?" he asked. "Well, the fact is, that's how we come to have this bill for Chandler. He started this company of his, and he needed parts, but his credit wasn't good enough for other suppliers. I helped him." Kende looked doubtful. "In fact, that's where I wonder if I'm doing the right thing, Mac. It isn't always good to help people too much. They lose character."

Then suddenly Kende snapped his fingers. "Mac, I've got it," he said. "I've got a way out of this that will make everybody happy." It was simple—and logical. Kende pointed out that, as business consisted of two things, manufacturing and marketing, then they could do the manufacturing and we the marketing, and be fifty-fifty partners.

Since, however, they owed us fourteen hundred and eighty-five dollars we should have slightly more than half—say fifty-one per cent. That would put the control in the proper, business-like hands of Kende Products, which was as it should be, considering how impractical old Chandler was.

Kende was in bright spirits. "I'll have Woody Swart draw you up a sales agreement for Chandler to sign, and while you're on that, I'll get out and try to find us a customer for the launcher." He frowned. "That'll be no small task, naturally," he said. Then he smiled. "And listen, Mac, take it easy on poor Woody's head, will you?". . .

The whole thing played back to me like a tape recording as I drove out to the Chandlers' again. That was because Kende's final remark puzzled me. It referred to my threat to break Woody's head when I was asking about the Chandlers the day before. Did that mean Woody had warned Kende I was prying, and Kende had made up a nice story to quiet me? No, Kende wouldn't lie to his own partner, especially about a thing like this. Like what? After hearing those three versions—the lathe hand's, Woody's and Kende's—I still didn't know.

"Mac!" Randie said when I came in. She seemed cordial.

"Randie, I've got some good news for you," I said.

"I'm a girl that loves good news," she said, smiling.

I TOLD her about Kende's proposition. She listened intently, and most of the time I couldn't imagine what she was thinking, but when I finished and drew out the document Woody Swart had given me, I could see she was cautiously pleased.

It was two pages long. The heading on the first page read, *Inventor's Protective Standard Form Sales Agreement.* Following that were numerous clauses, all clearly to safeguard the inventor. As Randie read through those first clauses, her expression became real delight. "Mac," she said, her voice low and breathless, "I've got something to tell you"—she looked around quickly—"but first I've got to get Dad."

Dad Chandler listened to his daughter Randie and then he looked at my legal form, and my impression was that he blinked. He was completely baffled. When he had signed the document and shambled off to his bench, Randie took me outside.

"What I was going to tell you, Mac," she said, "don't expect to understand it. It's so silly. You can laugh at me if you feel like it, but men are always saying girls are silly. Anyway, I'm so happy, I don't care if you do laugh."

"Laugh?" I asked. "I'll break your arm if you don't come around to telling me in a minute."

"Oh, Mac," she said, leaning on my shoulder, sighing in a big mixture of relief and happiness, "I thought you were a crook." She looked up at me, blushing. "I even baited you on, trying to trap you."

"Baby," I said, thinking back, "if you had put any more bait on that trap, there'd have been no room for the rat."

She was reminiscing. "You'd have to know Chet to understand," she said. "Dad says he took after Mother. I don't know. I can't remember her. But, anyway, Chet was a good businessman. He started Chandler Products Company, back in 1940."

So, here it came, version number four. According to Randie, Chet had done well from the start. Then, after the war broke out, Chandler Products really boomed. Finally Chet got sensitive about making all the money while others did all the fighting, and started looking for someone to take his place for a while. There was no one in the family, of course—Mother dead, Randie young and away at school, Dad so impractical—and good men were scarce. Chet finally found Paul Kende. He hired Kende as a salaried assistant and immediately signed for the Navy.

Chet had never seemed to keep anything from them, business or otherwise. Yet, that awful day the telegram

Gift Wrapped

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—LEONARD K. SCHIFF

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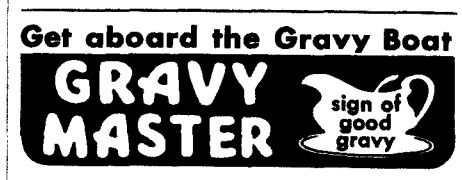

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came from the Navy Department, and the worse days that followed as the news sank home, they were hit with shock after shock. Instead of the regular monthly payments from Chandler Products, they were informed by Kende, first that the firm was unable to continue the payments, then that the family's equity amounted to only a few hundred dollars, then, finally, that the firm name was being changed to Kende Products Company.

They kept in touch with Kende. "We were so sure," Randie said, "in spite of the legal things Kende showed us, that he had swindled us somehow. But now look." She heaved a gigantic sigh. "Aren't people funny? Dad and I—we look like perfect donkeys."

Yeah, donkeys. I stood up, feeling a little sick and terribly suspicious. I shouldn't be hanging around here. I put my hand against my chest. Yes, the form was still there in my inside pocket. "Listen, baby," I said, "stick around. I have to see a dog about a plan." It was a lousy pun.

BACK in our office an hour later, I watched Woody Swart. He took the form and went across to the paper cutter. He folded back the first page, carefully lined up the blade on the second page, and cut it neatly in two. Then he took the last half page and put it into a typewriter, turned the roller, lined the paper up, and typed three words across the top. Then he held it out to us.

Kende reached for it, but I took it first. He looked at me curiously. I smiled, friendly-like, and started to read. The three words at the top were, *Power of Attorney*. Without the first page and a half—that was what it was.

"Very clever," I said to Kende. He waved modestly. "But why didn't you tell me?" I asked.

"Would it have made any difference?" he asked quietly. "We all agreed that old crackpot shouldn't run the show."

"And the end—" I began.

"—justifies the means," Kende finished. "You might say that."

Paul Kende had been wearing a slight smile, carefully. I grinned goodnaturedly and glanced around to see how Swart was taking all this.

Swart surprised me. Swart was staring fixedly at Kende, his face a study in fascination. Something was happening to Swart.

"Well, then," I laughed, holding the paper out, "what's next?"

Kende relaxed. "A deal with Tod McCutcheon," he said.

"Oh?" I asked, freezing in mid-motion, as if from curiosity. I hadn't known the buyer was in town. The paper was just out of Kende's reach.

"Yeah," he said, stretching for it. "He saw the sample this morning, wants to talk terms."

"You knew he was in town," I said.

"Sure," he said, starting to get up.

Yes, I would have bet that Kende knew. I would have bet that, from the first moment when he saw the toy this morning, Kende knew exactly what he would do. Now, by my own part in the deal—my investment, my greed, and, fortunately, my passive, friendly insistence on staying to see what Kende did with the sales agreement—now I knew too. I jerked the paper out of his grasp, saw his surprise.

"Well, you'll have to figure it out all over again," I said, "because this deal went sour." I faced around. "Swart, make me out a check for three thousand dollars. You can keep my share of the net. I'm getting out, and I'm giving this power of attorney back to the Chandlers."

Swart laughed, a short, incredulous snort. "Boy," he said, "you're living in a dream world."

I glared. That three grand was all I had. "Damn your greedy soul, Kende. I'll be back, and you'd better have that dough ready."

I was furious. I slammed into the car and got going. I took my eyes off the road just long enough to glance at my watch—three o'clock. I bore down on the gas some more. I shoved the watch away, my fingers feeling the fob. He was right, the guy who carved my name on the back side.

"Hello," I hollered into the dark garage when I arrived. No answer. I

"They made their getaway in a pie truck. Be careful, they're very dangerous . . ."

COLLIER'S RAY HELLE

peered around. Now where the hell were the Chandlers? Well, Randie had told me they rented two rooms in the boardinghouse across the road, so I headed over there.

I saw them come out. They paused on the porch. Dad had a battered Homburg on; he and Randie were both dressed to go somewhere. They started down the steps, and I began to run. I waved at them.

We met at the foot of the steps. "Hello, Mr. Chandler," I said. "Listen, Randie—"

I never would have guessed she was that strong, but the flat of her hand on the side of my head sent a white flash across my eyes. My jaw was hanging, and I guessed a red handprint was coming out on my cheek. "What the hell?" I said. "Is that any way to say hello?"

I heard a car pull up behind me. The Chandlers stepped by me and got into it. The big dog Kende was at the wheel, his rat terrier Swart beside him. Well, of course, Kende had telephoned ahead and put the whole blame on me. The door slammed, and Randie looked out the window.

"Swindler," she said, her face cold.

Yeah. If I could get in touch with him again, maybe I could get the guy who molded my watch fob to do a sculpture of my head, out of cheese.

"Deceiver," she said, a big tear in her right eye.

Mumbling, I walked back to my car. I jerked the door open and started to slide in. I tapped my pocket. It rustled. I still had the power of attorney. So! I was still in the game. I started the car and took out after Kende.

He must have seen me in his rear-view mirror because he was going to beat hell. I had almost given up catching him when I heard the growl of a siren. The way the state cops work a situation like this, they first signal the rear car to fall in behind them, then they go on and flag down the lead car, too. That's how they do it, and that's how they did it. Kende didn't want to stop, but they pulled alongside finally, and at an intersection he slowed down.

That was the last I saw because, at the intersection, I turned off. They would catch me; they certainly had my license number. They would radio it in to the police station, and the station would radio it out to all cars, and in a little while I'd hear another siren. But for the moment, Kende was back there arguing with them, and I was up here driving like mad.

When I came into town I had to slow down. In a minute I found a drugstore and stopped. I ran in, looked around, dashed to the telephone, riffled through the directory, jammed in a nickel and dialed. This telephoning-ahead stuff could be worked both ways.

"Hotel Monroe," a little voice said.

"Tod McCutcheon," I requested. I waited, imagining I could hear my watch ticking away in my pocket.

"Hello?" a man asked.

"Mr. McCutcheon," I said. "I've got to see you."

When I finished, I ran outside. I didn't know if he believed me, but he had agreed to meet me in a bar across from the hotel. I waved down a suburban cab. "Hotel Monroe," I said. I'd never have made it in my own car, but I didn't have to worry about leaving it. The police would take care of it.

AS I stepped into the bar, I heard a siren. I looked back. Across the street, in front of the Hotel Monroe, two cars came to a stop. Kende had talked those cops into escorting him into town. If McCutcheon wasn't inside the bar, I'd had it. I turned.

A guy was looking over my shoulder out the door. On a hunch, I spoke to him. "Mr. McCutcheon?" I asked.

He glanced at me and nodded to the scene across the street. "Isn't that Paul Kende?" he asked.

"Mr. McCutcheon, that's what I want to talk to you about."

He looked at me again. "Shoot," he said finally.

I had to convince him. Otherwise, Kende would just tell him different. And Kende could tell a lie so it sounded like he was reading aloud from the Bible. I estimated I had one Scotch to do it in. "Mr. McCutcheon," I began, "is Paul Kende the most trustworthy man you ever met?"

McCutcheon took a sip of his drink and considered. "Well," he said, "put it this way: Never, in several years' dealing with Kende, have I ever observed him do anything shady. Nor, when he was in the room, have I ever gotten over the feeling I had better keep my hand on my wallet."

There are different versions of everything, even in one man's mind. I'd just have to take my chances with the truth. I pulled out the power of attorney. My explanation only took a minute. He listened thoughtfully, emptied his glass, and stood up.

"Thank you very much, Wilson," he said to me. "See me any time I can do you a favor." He was leaving.

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"Hey," I said, sliding off my stool. "You can do me that favor right now."

"I can?"

"Certainly you can," I said. "Damn it all, aren't you going to buy the toy from the Chandlers?"

"Wilson," he said, "I'm grateful to you for keeping us out of that mess. But we can't afford to get mixed up in patent swindles."

"But wait, there isn't going to be a swindle now, remember?" He laughed and went on out of the bar. I chased after him and grabbed him by the sleeve.

"Look, Wilson," he said. "Maybe I can imagine how you feel. But we're a big company, and we can't risk a smear job from Paul Kende. Not to you, maybe, but to us bad publicity is expensive. Let go my sleeve."

"It's a dog-eat-dog world I know," I said bitterly. "Kende told me all about it. Just you make sure you and Kende get at the right ends of the leash."

This time it was McCutcheon's turn. He spun me around by the wrist. "All right," he said, "what do you want me to do?"

Yes, what? I stared at him. "Well, for a starter," I said, "be my witness."

WHEN he had come to the bar to meet me, McCutcheon had left word at the hotel for Kende, who had an appointment with him, to wait. Together now we stepped into McCutcheon's suite and faced them. Kende had been walking up and down. Randie and her dad were sitting on the couch looking, respectively, neat and rumpled. Swart was staring sourly out of the window. Each of the four had something on his mind; you could see that.

Our entrance stopped them for a second, like a snapshot, but Kende blurred the picture. Smoothly he faced McCutcheon, gaze steady, utterly sincere. "Tod," he said, tilting a thumb at me, conviction rich in his voice, "honest—he's a liar."

Dad was blinking nervously. Randie was looking at the rug. Swart was staring fascinated at Kende. And McCutcheon—that posture—what was he doing? Of course: McCutcheon was holding his wallet. "Kende," I replied, "you're as honest as a henna rinse."

It was a weak start and I had a long way to go. Kende had guessed right that I had told McCutcheon my version of the deal. Now I had to guess right and tell all of them my version of both deals—this one, and the one ten years ago.

"You see this?" I asked, holding up the paper. "It's a power of attorney. With Mr. Chandler's signature on it, Paul Kende can legally act as his agent."

Kende laughed. "They know that, Wilson. That's the way the Chandlers want it." To McCutcheon he said, "Tod, will you chase him out of here? He's making a perfect ass of himself."

How true! "Yes?" I asked. "When I get through, the Chandlers won't want it that way. But they'll sure want a fistful of your throat."

Rapping the form with one hand, I reminded them how it had started out two pages long, with an innocent title and nice, disarming clauses. Unrestricted, a power of attorney could turn over everything you had to the agent. It made his signature your signature. It authorized him to act for you. Legally, he was you.

"So, you read the form," I said to the Chandlers. "And it never entered your heads that all the restrictive clauses were grouped together, and all the empowering clauses grouped together." I looked at Randie. "It never entered my head either. But now I can see how Kende got control of the shop away from your brother Chet."

Swart's expression was unreadable, but I could sense the growing tension in the others. "Before Chet went overseas, Kende asked him for a limited power of attorney. It was a legitimate request, but after the paper-cutter treatment, all the limitations disappeared. Kende could sign checks, contracts, anything," I said. I was pretty sure I was guessing right.

"Of course, when Chet found out, it would get sticky. Chet was a good businessman. He probably kept a copy of the original, uncut document, and that would expose the swindle. So, I suspect Kende just intended to loot the business and beat it before Chet came back." I paused uncomfortably, then went on.

"But Chet didn't come back. Then, because there was nobody to trip up Kende, and because he had pushed the net worth of the shop down to only a few hundred bucks, Kende changed his plans, used the very money he had embezzled, and bought the company."

"Wilson," Kende said sarcastically, "I have to hand it to you. You're the most inventive liar I ever heard."

Now there were five versions of the story. Mine was the only one not from a witness. It wouldn't stand up without proof. "The copy of the original document Chet signed," I said hopefully. "Maybe you can still find it among Chet's papers."

I looked at Randie and her dad, unhappy, doubtful. I looked at Kende, smiling, confident. I looked at McCutcheon, holding his wallet. I realized how easily Kende could have made some convincing excuse to check through Chet's papers back then. The copy was gone, I feared. I looked at Swart. Swart shocked me.

"Not perfect," Swart said of my version, "but close." I watched him reach inside his coat, draw out a folded form, hand it to me. I opened it. It was a carbon copy of a two-page legal form, innocently titled *Administrative Agreement*, dated in November, 1942, and signed by Chester H. Chandler, sole owner.

"You fool," Kende said viciously, "you're in it right with me."

"I guess so," Swart said. He turned to face Randie. "That's up to the Chandlers. They're the plaintiff. I'm sick of it like it is."

So that was what had been shaping up in Swart's head. Like me, he had wanted money, but not enough to take it from Randie and her dad. And when he had seen a way to stop the swindle and maybe soften the rap for himself, he had become the witness I needed.

SEVERAL weeks later I thought back on that scene in McCutcheon's hotel room. That had been the day we picked the right version and paid a long overdue bill Kende owed the Chandlers. I had been writing a telegram.

"How's this?" I asked. "It's a wire to McCutcheon."

Randie took the wire and read it aloud: SHIPPING YOU FIRST LOT TOY ROCKET LAUNCHERS TODAY. CHANDLER PRODUCTS, PREVIOUSLY KNOWN AS KENDE PRODUCTS. SIGNED, WILSON. She looked at me and added, "Previously known as the plastic jackass."

"Now," I laughed, "he won't understand that."

"It'll be fun to explain," she replied, holding up her left hand, looking at her ring finger. ▲▲▲

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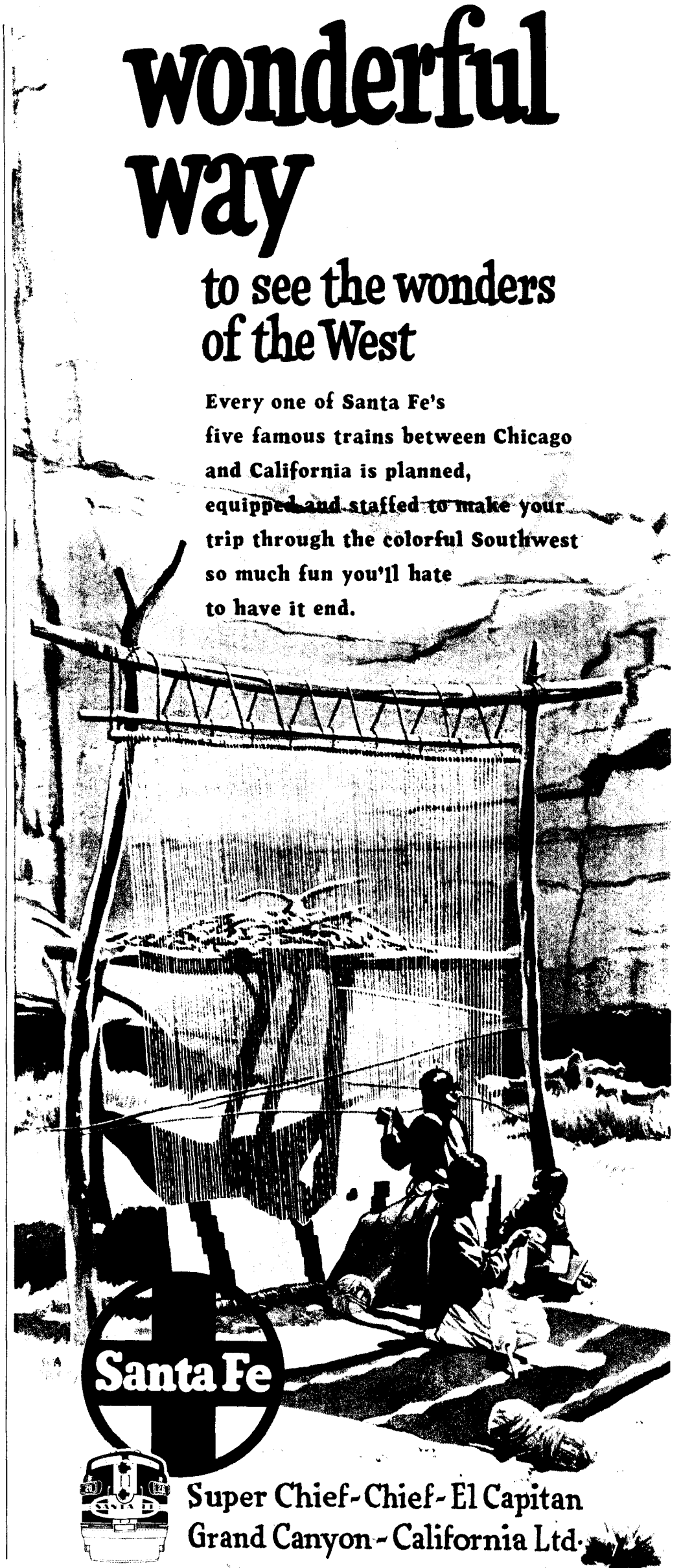

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There Were

TV hails Christmas with Menotti's tender

AT SIX o'clock on Christmas Day, Gian-Carlo Menotti's TV-opera, Amahl and the Night Visitors, will join the colorful company of holiday celebrations. Since its debut on NBC last Christmas Eve, and a repeat performance on Easter by popular demand, this legend of a crippled shepherd boy and his mother who play host to a trio of kings has won a reputation as a modern classic. Now it promises to be as much a part of Christmas as ribbon candy and Dickens' Scrooge.

Written at the request of the network, and cast and directed by the composer, Amahl was the first opera created especially for television. There have since been other notable TV-opera firsts, but Mr. Menotti's simple and haunting musical tale of a Christmas miracle has special significance for the season and universal appeal.

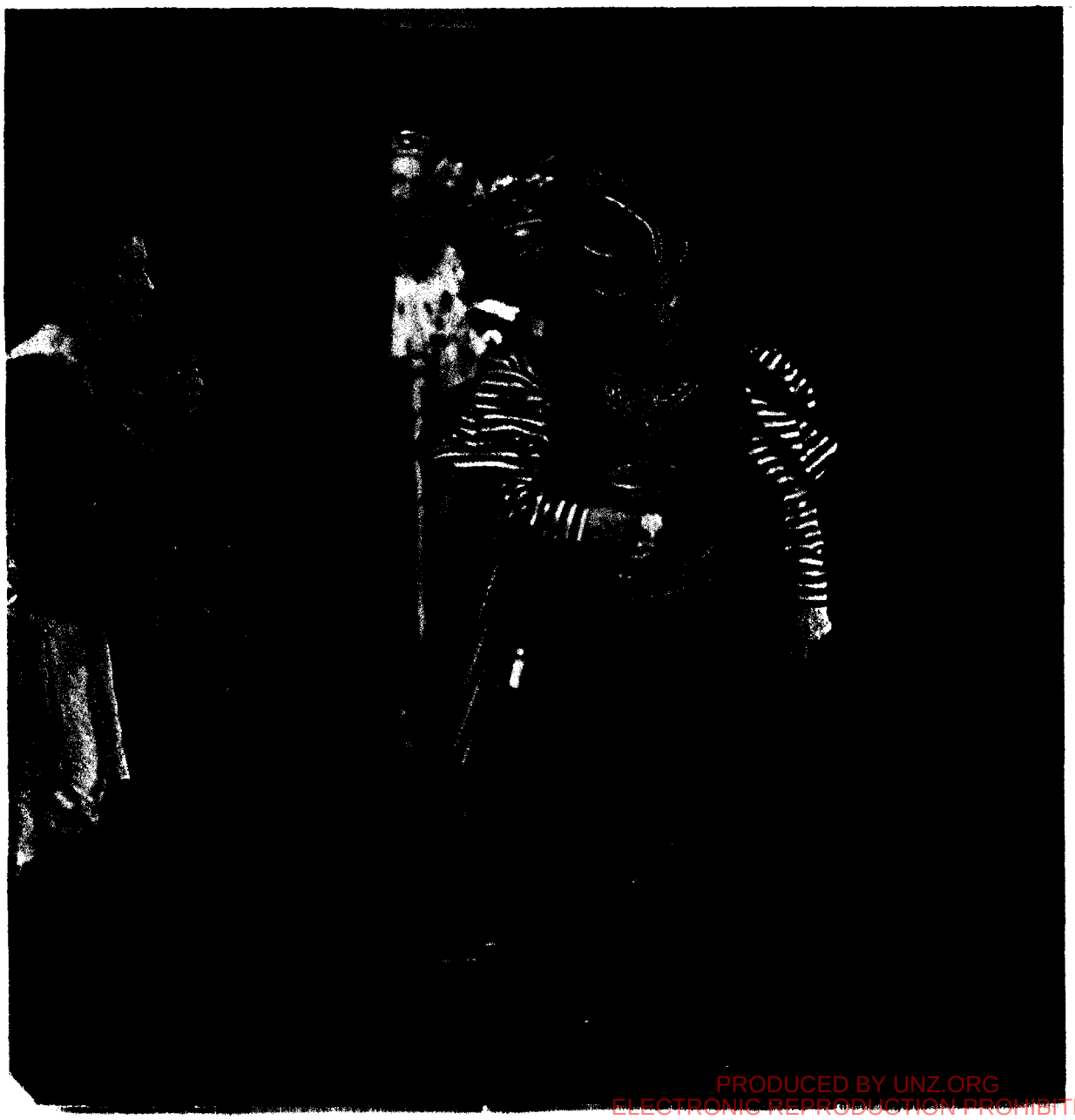
Menotti's characters, though romanticized in keeping with the legend and the demands of opera, are completely believable. Amahl is a little boy who is addicted to tall tales; his mother is a tired and exasperated parent. Suspense, as in Menotti's earlier works, The Medium and The Consul, is achieved not only through plot but through the music. It builds from the gentle melody of the boy singing of a star he has seen to the mother's spine-tingling aria All That Gold. The climax comes with four-voices chanting, He Walks, when Amahl finds he is no longer a cripple.

Collier's COLOI

Playing a pipe in street, lame Amahl (Chet Allen, who originated part) sees huge star

He tells mother (Rosemary Kuhlmann) of the spectacle. She chastises him for fibbing

Three kings enter, ask for food and rest before continuing search for Christ child



In gay scene which follows, shepherds bring offerings of food for the visitors, then perform dances for them

Later, in a moving aria, mother fights temptation to steal gold which lies near the visitors' sleeping servant

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Three Kings

ale about Amahl and the Night Visitors

The opera is cast with superb voices, all from last year's TV show, with the exception of Amahl. Ten-year-old Bill McIver replaces Chet Allen, now thirteen and no longer a soprano. Both are members of the Columbus Boychoir, of Princeton, New Jersey. Rosemary Kuhlmann sings the mother; and the three kings are played by David Aiken, as the white-bearded monarch, Melchior; Leon Lishner, the black king Balthazar; and Andrew McKinley, the deaf Kaspar, who travels with a parrot and a boxful of magic stones and licorice sticks. Francis Monachino is the page. Amahl, which is sponsored by Hallmark Cards, is televised in a cavernous studio. Four cameras travel smoothly from one to another of six scenic units of the one master set designed in rich, low-keyed colors by Eugene Berman. Shepherds in straw wigs and elegantly robed monarchs wander among the musicians, cameras and electric cables. Hovering over all this organized chaos is the guiding spirit of Mr. Menotti. But when TV sets are snapped on, Amahl will again emerge as a compact piece of musical theater, and television will have hung its star on the nation's Christmas tree. ▲▲▲

Bill McIver, ten, will be new Amahl this Xmas

'AMERA

Servant wakes, accuses her of stealing. Amahl cries: "Don't you dare hurt my mother!"

Forgiving kings offer to leave them the gold. But mother, touched by story of the Christ child, refuses, and Amahl, offering his cane as gift to Jesus, finds he can walk without it

Boy decides to go with kings, bear gift himself. Mother bids him farewell in a final, gentle duet

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY MARTIN HARRIS

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A Light So Shining

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 22

package, he smiled and shook his head, saying, "Only small . . ."

I tried German, and this released a torrent of words. His accent was wonderful, and he was wonderfully fluent in the errors he made, putting fine, well-chosen adjectives where they didn't belong, using a strange, warm idiom that made his speech delightful to hear. And when my wife came back up and sat down with us, he really got going.

HE WAS, he told us, a Yugoslav. He'd been a lawyer, a Serbian army officer; he'd fought under Mikhailovich in the resistance; he couldn't go back. He'd escaped to Switzerland from prison in Germany and now lived with the other refugees down in the *Heim,* a home for displaced persons in an old hotel in the village.

He could never go back to his country, he said, under Tito. Sometimes, he said, he cried in the night to think he would perhaps never see the thousand colors of the Adriatic again, or talk with the peasants on his father's estate, or even with his father.

He said that if we had thought there were no foreigners in this Swiss village, he could show us forty or fifty, all refugees, all desperate and homesick: the cold, bleak *Heim* down there was full of them—Greeks and Poles and Romanians and Yugoslavs, Germans and Jews. Most of them just didn't come out of the *Heim* much; they were too weary and sick and dejected. They were terribly poor, he said. A few francs pocket money was all they ever had, and they were just waiting, each in his room, with his own loneliness—waiting for a confused and hostile and indifferent world to give them the chance to build their lives again. They were waiting for something that, for most of them, would never come.

Then he scowled at us and said, in his fierce way, "You two, perhaps, are American millionaires?"

I think we almost flinched at this accusation. We looked at what he had been looking at, my wife's fur jacket, my own American flying jacket. They were relics of better times, saved from destruction, and it was almost with pride that we explained to him that we were, at this very moment, perhaps poorer than he was, and certainly hungrier—that we too had lost our house, our place in the world and our health.

A lovable, gentle smile wiped the fierceness off his face, and he grasped our hands and shook them, and said we were of a kind then, we understood.

He left his skis standing in the snow and talked to us of home. At three o'clock the sun disappeared behind the ragged peak of the Südhorn, and it got cold. We invited him to our house, which was less than three hundred yards away. We said we could not offer him anything, though, as we simply did not have anything. He gazed at us with round eyes; the truth about us was really sinking in now. He asked, "Is that true?" And we said, "It is true." He jumped up and grabbed his skis. "I come all the same," he said.

Yet off he marched, on the double, without looking back, leaving us to gaze after him in confusion. We saw him clamber into the Box, which was just going down with its last cargo, and we looked at each other and shrugged, and gave him up.

Less than an hour later, however, as we sat in our room enjoying the warmth of the stove, we heard the latch lifted, and there he stood in the door, clicking his heels, almost splendid in a good suit—every inch the elegant Serbian officer. In a slightly embarrassed way he put into my wife's hands a small parcel he had brought along. Then he drew himself up a little and said, sternly, in his individual German, *"Ich habe mich erlaubt, zu bringen eine Kleinigkeit.* Please not to say thank you. We are friends. We belong."

COLLIER'S — **"You mean I'm the only one you invited to the office party?"** — HARRY MACE

What he brought us in our plight was not a crust of bread or a pound of down-to-earth oatmeal; it was cake—one big, lovely cake. That was how we knew that he truly belonged. Afterward he told us how he had flirted the cake away from the girl in the *Bäckerei,* to be paid for later—much, much later.

And again he talked and talked—of how he had dreamed of home again, the night before, dreamed of his brother, who was missing. He spoke of his other brother, who had been killed, of his little sister, and of the wonderful strong old giant who was his father. And he spoke of his mother, long dead, whom he called his *"Kleine Liebe."*

He told us of the life they had lived, the things they had done together. He sang for us some of the songs they had sung—sang with a terrible longing in his voice and tears in his eyes.

IT WAS far into the night when he finally got up to leave. Of course, the Box wasn't available any more. But when we suggested he'd better stay, he thanked us and refused. "It's a bright moon," he said. "I will slither down." He turned smiling. "We are supposed to be in the *Heim* before twelve. I will have to climb in through a window."

We watched him, in the pale light, skidding down the icy mountain path at terrific speed, balancing like a skier, his arms out, flailing. We had no doubt that he would break his neck between here and the village.

But the next morning he was back, bright and fierce as ever. And he brought us a lot of hash and meat in a small tin bucket, explaining that he had told his friends at the *Heim* of our situation and they had all spared us part of their own meager meal. He would bring up this food for us, he said, as long as we should need it.

In the evening, after skiing, he stayed again. Because we'd kept such late hours the night before, our one and only light bulb had burned out. As there was no way of replacing it—without an expenditure of two francs—all that night we sat in the dark, cursing the way of the world. We told Mischo—that was his name—of our experiences in the war, and he told us of the people in the *Heim.* We decided that everybody in this world was a displaced person really, except that many of them just didn't know it. That night in the dark, we also devised a wonderful system for putting the world on its feet again. And we came to the conclusion that we didn't need prosaic contrivances like electric light bulbs in our world. This cheered us up no end.

A new life began for us in Switzerland. Our solitude was gone. Mischo not only talked of his friends at the *Heim;* the next day he brought us the pick of the bunch. There was a beautiful young Greek girl with a wide brow and high cheekbones, very dark and solemn, called Sandra. She had tuberculosis, which she had contracted in a concentration camp. Then there was a Polish Jew, a quick, birdlike young man named Mandel, highly cultivated, who never skied but sat with me on the bench and between philosophical speculations unfolded clever schemes for making money. He was practical, he said. He was waiting for his visa to the Argentine—it would come any day now.

Another friend Mischo brought us was a delicate old man about whom he was especially concerned, an old German scientist who never spoke of his home but clung shyly to Mischo as if he were the son he had lost; he looked into the faces of Sandra, of my wife, of every girl who was gentle and sweet, for the daughter who had disappeared; he nodded gravely, importantly, when some older woman passed, murmuring, "That lady is a little the way my wife used to be . . ." And he gazed at the children of the village longingly, responding eagerly to their smiles, as perhaps he had responded to the smiles of grandchildren. He was very humble and very lonely.

From this day on, we all—the two of us, our son, the Greek girl, the Pole, and the old man—moved contentedly along under the force of Mischo's tremendous energy, his push, his fierce wish for companionship.

He organized everything. Somehow, he found a pair of skis for my son, who soon became an expert; every day he hauled the Greek girl and the slightly recalcitrant Mandel up in the Soapbox. He put Sandra down beside me on the bench in the sun and said, "Speak in English to her." And he put Mandel on her other side and said, "Speak French." And then, with my wife and son, he slid down the slopes in front of us, showing them how to do all the ski tricks he didn't know how to do himself, laughing and scowling and making merry and nearly breaking every bone in his body.

Some days he even dragged up the old man, who arrived a little shaky, smiling in embarrassment, but with a look of deep affection in his eyes for Mischo, saying shyly, "He is a little the way my son was."

He even induced me to try using my legs a little more, and I did. I think we began to feel a lot better, my wife and I both, in the friendship of these men and of gentle Sandra than we had ever felt down at the luxury hotel.

Yes, we were a happy group. And Mischo said we were all to go with Mandel to the Argentine one day, and form a colony, and love and cherish one another, and live happily ever after. We belonged together, he said.

ONE day I received the promise of the legation to look into our affairs, and a day or two later at the bank they swore everything would be cleared up soon after Christmas. We were please to have a little more patience—things were so involved.

Well, we had patience. It was about all we had, but I was a good deal vexed and moody all the same—considering that this stay was supposed to be restoring my health with plenty of good food and peace of mind. Especially with Christmas only a day off now—our first Christmas in safety—I hated the idea of things being so needlessly austere.

But Mischo said, *"Nicht grübeln."* He said, "You will allow me to make a Christmas for you like we make back home in Serbia. Our feast is really on Twelfth-night, but for you I will make her tomorrow."

And if we would allow it, he said with great courtesy, we would celebrate it here in our house, high up under the stars. And we should invite our friends from the *Heim.*

"But look here," I said, "you know how things are—we haven't got a cent. It's pretty bleak here—look at this burnt-out bulb. Why, we can't sit in the dark all evening, can we? Really, Mischo, we have nothing to offer."

"Do not speak to me of bulbs," Mischo said, almost angrily. "It is no matter." He looked at us with his beautiful, sad smile. "You say you have nothing to offer." He looked at my wife, at her arm around my shoulder. "Look," he said. "They are very lonely people, our friends at the *Heim,* always thinking of what they have lost. Especially at Christmastime they will think of what they have lost. They will think it a most beautiful present just to be allowed to come and sit here with you

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and talk, and be allowed to look at you, who still have your wife and your son, and who love each other and make a family." He turned away a little. "You must not talk of bulbs," he said.

"Even Mandel will come," he declared later. "I know," he said, "though he is very material."

And when we asked him, Mandel said importantly, in his beautiful French, "I have some money coming to me. You have honored me much, and I will bring you a present. Me, I am practical," he added.

"We'll all bring something," Mischo said gaily. "We get two francs extra pocket money anyway tonight."

ON CHRISTMAS night, the sky was splendid; the stars were big and bright, and there was a cleanness in the air, as in a young, undefiled world. The house was warm and cozy, filled with the fine smell of wood burning.

Sandra came and kissed my wife, and shyly kissed me too. And in the light of a spluttering candle stump, the two girls were lovely, and I felt good.

Then Mandel was there, saying, "I brought you a present." And Mischo had brought the old man along, a blanket draped over his thin shoulders. "One should not be alone on this night," he said.

Besides the food they had saved for us, plus some extra treats, they had two bottles of cheap but good country wine and a big cake. The old man had brought a little present for our son, who sat starry-eyed, watching Mischo.

Mischo had brought three candles, which he set up on the table, the tallest one in the center, as before an altar. Then he fetched armfuls of fresh, clean straw from the adjoining shed and spread it over the floor. In the flickering light it made the room look like the place where shepherds found the Child lying in a manger. "It is our way at home," he explained simply. Then he put a match to the three candles, and the room seemed filled with a pure light.

"Now what do you think of your measly bulb! Do we need electricity? Do we? No," he said, "it would be unpoetical; it is dreary and bleak, cold, material. There is no place here for mechanical devices. We spit on them; we are poets."

I saw Mandel fumbling in his coat pocket. I thought he looked dejected. "I had meant to bring you a present—" he began, but Mischo nudged him toward the sofa and drew us forward, saying happily, "You will now all sit down and look into the flames and forget about everything outside the light of the candles. Presently we will drink and eat, and be great friends, and I will tell you stories of how in my home we have covered the floors of all the rooms with straw like this, and we have played at shepherds and kings. And then we have sing . . . *und meine alte Grossmutter liebe, sie hat gemacht einen wunderschönen Paprika . . .*" and then he was off in his own German, holding us spellbound, spinning us into a warm and colorful world with tales of gypsies that came to his father's house, of the peasants and their primitive customs. He told us how to catch trout, using only bare hands; he talked of the girls in Belgrade, of wild nights in the mountains of Montenegro, of Dalmatia, of the streams, the Adriatic, the floods; and, again and again, of the father, the brothers, the little sister, the dearly remembered mother.

I saw the eyes of our friends on his lips, drinking in the images and the wonderful nostalgic warmth of his words that meant home. I saw how they looked at my wife, and at me and my son, nodding, with glistening eyes; how they seemed to be saying: *You* know, *you* know how it is . . .

I saw that we were close to happiness together, at this moment, shutting ourselves away in this temporary refuge of a home, away from the unwelcoming world of money, and trouble, and electric light bulbs. Close to happiness . . .

I think Mischo was happy. And Sandra, I know, was a little happy—this one night anyway. Her eyes shone, and she held onto my wife's hand. The old man's face was flushed, his eyes coming to rest proudly on Mischo, who was a little the way his son was, he clearly meant to say.

But Mandel, I think, was a little uneasy; something was depressing him. And from time to time he turned to my wife, and I heard him say, at least twice, "You know, I did bring you a present, but . . ."

But my wife smiled at him, and it seemed all right. I think it seemed all right, though I was not, perhaps, quite happy myself, knowing that we were just shutting ourselves off from the world that would go right on making its money and its bombers and its bulbs.

I THINK it was when we started singing the strange folk songs of Mischo's *Heimat*, which he explained to us in detail, savoring every word—it was when we sang them falteringly but eagerly, enjoying them very much, that we really got a little intoxicated. Then Mischo said, "Now you will please sing us a song of your country, which none of us here has ever seen but will surely love." And we did not quite know what to sing, having lived in many countries, and feeling a little guilty about not loving one in particular as much as the others loved theirs. Finally, we chose the Irish song, I'll Take You Home Again, Kathleen—which I think Sandra knew we meant for her; I hope she did.

Much later in the evening, we sang Brother, Can You Spare a Dime? for them. And Mischo, with a sigh, said, "It is beautiful. Very melancholy. You will please sing it once more." And he joined us, humming out of tune, tears in his eyes—and so did Sandra, shyly, uncertainly. But Heaven help me, I think it sounded wonderful.

I think it was the singing that made the old man happiest. "I, too," he murmured, "sang back home." And after a pause he sat up, eagerly, and said, "Also, at home, I used to—" He stopped, a little ashamed.

And yet again, apologetically, but with touching eagerness, he said, "Back home I always used to read a piece, back home . . ."

But Mischo was well on the way with another story, speaking of Greece now with Sandra, and laughing.

Leaning over to us, excusing himself, the old man said softly but tenaciously, "I used to read the Christmas story, you see. They liked me to read it to them, back home. Always they were asking, 'Papa, read us the Christmas story.'"

I thought his eyes looked suddenly pleading. And then my wife, bless her, said, "Wouldn't you like to read to us a little, please? There it is, on the shelf over the stove. Only"—she faltered a little—"the people here are Catholics, —you are perhaps a Protestant?"

"Gnädige Frau," he said gently, "on a night like this it is the same. You make me very happy to let me read from that book. It will be, you see, a little the way it was back home."

So we all pulled his chair up to the table where the candles stood and placed the book before him. I found the page for him, and, trembling a little, but happy as a child, he fished his spectacles out of his pocket, and we waited for him to read to us the story of the Light.

We waited, and he did not read. He sat there and adjusted his spectacles and peered, and bent over the page, and twisted in his seat, and at last, embarrassed, he whispered, "I cannot see, I must have more light. My eyes are too dim. Please," he said in distress, "couldn't I have more light, a little more light?"

He was almost in tears. And suddenly we all felt it imperative that he should be able to do what he wanted so much. Suddenly I felt that it was the one thing that had been missing, that the old man should be able to read us this story of peace and good will toward men—as though the good of the night depended upon it.

But we looked helplessly about the room. "You see," I began, "the bulb—"

Then I saw Mandel's face brighten for the first time that evening. He jumped up. He said, "I told you—I did bring you a present—only I thought perhaps you would not care for it—"

And from his pocket he extracted a brightly colored carton containing a new light bulb. He gave me the carton and screwed the bulb into the socket, and there was the light.

"What did I tell you!" Mischo exclaimed. "He is greatly practical, is our Mandel. He is just what we needed."

Mandel's face glowed with pleasure. And when the old man began to read, I sat there with this gaudy carton in my hand, listening with more than my ears. "And behold an angel of the Lord stood by them . . . and the angel said to them: Fear not; for, behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy . . ."

I must have smiled a little to myself, looking up at that cold, bright bulb, thinking that it should be the prosaic thing that had saved the evening, that had helped dim eyes to see; thinking that this light, this bleak bulb, was part, too, of the great light, part of a world that we should not, could not, turn our backs upon.

And while the old man read on, in a soft, wondering voice, I know that a great contentment settled upon us. I had that rare feeling that all was well with the world—that everything was part of a wonderful unity. All of us—my wife and I, who were of many countries; and Mischo, a Yugoslav; and Sandra; and the old man; and Mandel, a practical young Jew—all races and religions, and all the friendship, the poverty, the sadness, the poetry, the trouble, the brightness—all hopes and ideas and desires—even this bleak bulb: everything *belonged*.

For a fleeting moment I saw that in all its confusion this world was whole.

I SAT there and looked at my friends. And in that hour I believed with Mischo that we would all go to the Argentine together—Sandra and Mandel and the old man—we and the likes of us, and live in peace and friendship, and love one another, for a long time.

Oh, yes, I remember it well.

For we did not go to the Argentine together. Some of us have not lived. We have not all loved one another; we have not been together for a long time.

I know that Mischo has not seen his Adriatic again. And this year, we heard, Sandra died. The old man is still in a *Heim*, still alone. And Mandel is still waiting for his visa.

And we are here. I'm all right again. All is well with us. Only I keep remembering that Christmas, because of everything I have not found again, not found so shining any more. ▲▲▲

COLLIER'S

"Whenever a fellow calls me for a date, I tell him I already have one. Then I let him talk me out of it"

KATE OSANN

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The girl with

By LAWRENCE G. BLOCHMAN

Two models lived in the tiny apartment. One had sleek, dark hair; the other was blonde. One was simple and severe; the other wore ruffles. And one was dead

MARSHALL T CUSTER
VILLA MISLAID HORIZON
HOLLYWOOD CALIF
YOUR FICTIONAL DETECTIVES ARE ALWAYS SMARTER THAN POLICE DICKS AND YOUR BEST SELLER QUOTE MYSTERY OF THE MADCAP MODEL UNQUOTE BEARS RESEMBLANCE TO MURDER OF OLIVIA BRENN CURRENTLY BAFFLING NEW YORK COPS. AS OLIVIA WAS SAN FRANCISCO GIRL PAPERS HERE WANT COMPLETEST COVERAGE. WILL YOU FLY EAST AND SOLVE MURDER FOR THOUSAND PER WEEK PLUS EXPENSES MAXIMUM FOUR WEEKS CARP, MAN ED ALLIANCE

BENJAMIN CARP
MANAGING EDITOR
FAR WEST NEWSPAPER ALLIANCE
SAN FRANCISCO CALIF
YOU HAVE BOUGHT SOLUTION OLIVIA BRENN MURDER BUT FOUR WEEKS NEEDLESS AND EXTRAVAGANT. SUGGEST ONE WEEK PLUS TWO THOUSAND BONUS UPON CRACKING MYSTERY. FLYING EAST TONIGHT SEND CHECK CARE MYSTERY WRITERS OF AMERICA 408 WEST 14TH ST NEW YORK MARSHALL T CUSTER

New York, May 15, 1952

Mr. Ben Carp, Man. Ed.,
Far West Newspaper Alliance,
San Francisco, Calif.

Dear Carp:

Filed my first story Night Press Rate Collect last night and I trust you've given it a proper play on page one. I must apologize for slight delay. But it took that half-wit lawyer so long to get me out of jail that I thought he'd carried the case to the Supreme Court in Washington. Naturally I did not wire all details but am air-mailing same so you can

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There was a preview for the press, on account of the news value of the pictures of the murdered Olivia and the missing Ruby

the *Burgundy Lips*

send $500 to Joseph Kittle, attorney at law, as his retainer.

First let me veto the New York cops' theory that Olivia Brenn was murdered by Ruby Loring, her roommate. True, Ruby disappeared and has not been seen since Olivia's body was discovered, but I don't see her as the killer. I'll begin at the beginning.

Olivia Brenn had been living for six months in a little two-room apartment at 7½ Minetta Lane, which is an alley in Greenwich Village just south of Washington Square. As all the world knows by now, Olivia was an artist's model. She was small, slim and shapely. She wore her sleek dark hair boyishly short. She posed in the nude. About two months ago when the posing season was slack and the pickings slimmer than a nine-day diet, she took in Ruby to share the rent. Ruby modeled, too, but not in the nude. She was about the same size as Olivia, except she had more chest expansion. She also had long blonde hair. And whereas Olivia wore severe suits and blouses, Ruby went in for girly-girly fluffs and flounces. She was fine for modeling big picture hats and full sleeves and filmy furbelows.

Well, the cops think Ruby and Olivia got along like a couple of alley cats eying the same fish-head. Nobody ever saw them together. Apparently they never went places together—specifically not to the studio of an artist named Henry Pallett on Washington Square, South, although they both posed for Pallett. Ruby posed for magazine covers, which he painted for his ham and eggs, and Olivia posed for the arty art which he painted for fame and posterity. The cops have been making faces at Pallett, hoping he'd admit that the two gals were fighting over him, but he says no, his interest in Ruby and Olivia was purely artistic, his sentimental nature being completely absorbed by a tomato named Jeanne Woods.

Of course it wouldn't occur to a cop that maybe Jeanne was jealous of the way Olivia posed in the nude, and expressed her jealousy through homicide. Or that the blonde Ruby had maybe been doing a little extracurricular posing with Pallett herself and did a quick fade-out when she found what happened to Olivia. I don't say I've adopted this theory myself, but I put it down here just for the record.

When I got to New York yesterday, I sauntered over to the scene of the crime. I walked up the rickety stairway to the third floor of 7½ Minetta Lane. The door to the late Olivia's apartment wasn't locked, so I went in. A meek-looking little guy with his hat on was sitting on a studio couch, reading a book which I recognized immediately as The Mystery of the Madcap Model. I congratulated him on his literary taste.

"Who the hell are you?" this guy wanted to know.

"I'm the author of that book you're reading," I said, "and I'll be glad to autograph it for you."

"Not for me, you won't," the little guy said. "I

ILLUSTRATED BY FRED STEFFEN

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don't go for this tripe. This happens to belong to the former tenant of this apartment and—"

"I know, don't prompt me," I said. "You find a similarity with the Olivia Brenn murder and you're looking through the book for clues."

"I got all the clues I need," said the little guy. Then he introduced himself: Kenneth Kilkenny, detective first grade, Homicide Squad. He looked more like a shipping clerk than a police dick. New York's finest must be pretty hard up for detectives if they have to take on runts.

"Don't be so dogmatic," I told Kilkenny. "Let's not approach this case from the orthodox police point of view. Are you positive, for instance, that Olivia Brenn was strangled?"

Kilkenny just grunted. He was deep in the book again. I could see he was gripped by it. I went on:

"I mean the effects of some poisons resemble the effects of strangulation. You know—purple face. The neurotoxins. Take cyanide—"

"*You* take cyanide," Kilkenny interrupted, still not looking at me.

"What does the medical examiner's office say about the possibility of poison?" I said.

"Look," Kilkenny retorted. "Why don't you go write another book? You're not invited to this murder."

"Sure I am. The Far West Newspaper Alliance invited me at great expense." I opened a closet door. I saw a couple of suits that must have belonged to Olivia, and five or six fluffy dresses that would have been Ruby Loring's. There were Cuban heels and tight little felt cloches to match one, and high French heels and floppy hats to go with the other. Detective Kilkenny finally looked up from the book.

"You do look a little like a storybook sleuth with that canary shirt and emerald-green tie," he said, "but your pearl-gray featherweight felt hat should be pulled down a little more over one eye. And where's your beautiful blonde secretary? I thought you guys never went out on a case except with a starry-eyed dame who gets waylaid by thugs so you can rescue her."

"My blonde amanuensis ran away to be a bareback rider in the circus," I told him. "I now rely exclusively on my faithful hip flask and my little gray cells."

"Go find yourself a big desk to put your feet on, so you can think hard and analyze clues," Kilkenny said. "You can't stay here."

"Sure I can," I said. "You can't throttle the freedom of the press, Kilkenny. I stand on my constitutional rights."

Kilkenny closed the book and a bookmark fell out. It was a sales check from Hoffman's. I could read *Silk slip $35*, but I pretended I didn't see it. I went over to the dressing table and looked at the cosmetics. There was Burgundy lipstick, sun-tan powder and dark rouge for Olivia. The tangerine lipstick and light-colored powder must have been Ruby's. I strolled into the bathroom.

"You'd look more authentic if you had a few teeth knocked out, a black eye, and one arm in a sling," Kilkenny said. "Why don't you go find yourself a drunken brawl, so I'll know for sure you're a shamus?"

"I'm not a brawler, Kilkenny. I'm the cerebral type. I collect orchids and rare jade. And I like it fine right here."

"I'm warning you, Custer," Kilkenny said. "If you don't scram I'll have to jug you for obstructing justice."

"I'm not obstructing anything," I said. "I'm merely giving you the benefit of my trained deductive brain. For instance, while the evidence shows Ruby left this apartment in a hurry, it also indicates she did not expect to go far or stay away long: she left her dresses behind in the closet. She did expect to be gone overnight, however. Did you notice she took her toothbrush with her? There's only one toothbrush in the bathroom and one brush and comb on the dresser. Did you notice?"

"I do my own noticing," Kilkenny said, very tough. "Get out."

He had come up behind me, and somehow I got the idea he was going to sock me. Turning abruptly, I put up my arm to guard my chin, and I knocked his hat off. He was as bald as a Chihuahua. I laughed. I don't know why the idea of a bald-headed detective should strike me so funny, but it always does. I couldn't stop laughing—until Kilkenny snapped the handcuffs on me.

"I have just presented you with this year's bonus—a hearty handshake from the Chairman of the Board"

COLLIER'S BOB BARNES

"Since you know so much about this case," he said, "I'm going to hold you as a material witness."

Well, you can score an error against me for not guessing that Kilkenny had no sense of humor. Anyhow, I was in the clink for three hours before I could get hold of this lawyer Kittle, and he took another six hours to get me out.

And now I must get to work and dig up the murderer of Olivia Brenn for you. Keep clean, Carp.

Yours in crime,
Marshall T. Custer

New York, May 16, 1952

Dear Carp:

I just filed my second story on the Brenn case, and as you can see I am making progress.

Today I went back to 7½ Minetta Lane, which is a very old building, obviously erected before the invention of fresh air. It is three stories high and half a story wide and is wedged in between the corner delicatessen and a modern apartment house. It would probably have been torn down a century ago, only there isn't room to build anything on the site except maybe an elevator shaft. Besides, it's historic. Two famous poets and a famous etcher starved to death on the premises.

The modern tenants are also slightly tainted with Art, not only the two models who occupied the third-floor cells—the late Olivia and the missing Ruby—but also Pierre Duval, who lives just under them. Duval is an unemployed winetaster who is also a part-time painter. Every Sunday he goes to Washington Square and paints the arch.

The apartment under Duval, the ground-floor mole run, is the habitat of a sausage-and-pickle-juggler named Franz Ziegler who operates the delicatessen next door. Ziegler took over the shop five years ago and ran it with his wife until she died last year. He now carries on with a one-eyed lame-brained pumpernickel slicer and puts in a fourteen-hour day among his beloved cheeses and salami.

I had spotted this delicatessen yesterday, and while I was languishing in the poky, I figured it would be just the place to go for odd bits of information about Olivia and Ruby. There are two reasons: *A*, when a widower of one year, still in the prime of life, starts thinking about the opposite sex in a tender way, his attention is going to be focused pretty close to home if he spends fourteen hours a day behind the counter; and *B*, two chicks who get their feed money from such a whimsical trade as modeling are apt to be on good terms with a guy who could stake them to a pastrami sandwich when their professional posing wasn't paying off.

When I dropped in on Ziegler, he was smacking his lips and unpacking a lot of imported beer and Limburger cheese. He was pushing forty, but there wasn't a gray hair in his sandy crew cut. He had a round face with two deep dimples and blue eyes.

"I understand Olivia Brenn ran up quite an unpaid bill with you," I said, taking out my wallet. "If you'll tell me the total—"

"Miss Brenn never came near this place," Ziegler said. "I guess it wasn't good enough for her. She never spoke to me."

"What about Ruby Loring?" I asked.

His face changed and I knew I'd hit pay dirt. He growled: "I got nothing more to say. I told the police everything."

I explained that I was a writer, not a cop, and that I didn't share the police theory that Ruby had killed Olivia. I said: "You haven't heard from Ruby since the murder, have you?"

He said he hadn't. He had no idea where she might be. He looked at me strangely as he said this.

I thought I saw tears in his eyes, so I said, "You were pretty sweet on Ruby, weren't you?"

"I was crazy about her," he said. "I still am. We're going to be married as soon as her divorce is final."

I asked him where her ex-husband was. He didn't know. Ruby hadn't heard in ages. He didn't send her any alimony.

"So you've been taking care of her?" I asked.

"Not really. She worked, you know. A model. But when things were tough she used to come in here to eat."

"And you gave her little presents now and then?" I remembered the sales check. "Maybe a slip from Hoffman's?"

"Oh, that," Ziegler said. "Yes, I gave her little presents once in a while. Don't get the wrong idea, though. There was nothing between us. She was very strict about that. Nothing until her divorce was final and we could get married."

Then he told me about the last time he saw her. On the evening of the murder Ziegler and Ruby had dinner together—on a small roast squab, some cucumber salad, Gruyère cheese and beer, and fresh raspberry tarts. They ate in the third-floor apartment, because Olivia was out. And Ziegler had a little present for Ruby—the new silk slip from Hoffman's.

"She was crazy about the slip," Ziegler said. "It was handmade, with little red lip-prints embroidered here and there on the front. She tried it on right away and said it looked fine."

"Did she kiss you to thank you?" I asked.

"Don't go getting wrong ideas," Ziegler said. "She just kissed me, that's all. There's nothing wrong about that."

After dinner Ruby went out to meet some man who had promised her a photographic job for some dress account. She told Ziegler she'd stop by for a glass of beer when she came home, but she never did. He hasn't seen her since, he says.

It was a rainy night and business was slow, so Ziegler closed his delicatessen shortly after eleven. He went to his apartment, took off his shoes, and settled down with a book to wait for Ruby. He didn't read much, because of the infernal racket in the apartment just above—the apartment of Pierre Duval, the unemployed winetaster. The noise was loud and bacchanalian—shrieks of female laughter, a strong alcoholic baritone, thumping on the floor, and the crashing of glass.

By midnight Ziegler had absorbed more decibels than he could stand. He climbed one flight and banged on Duval's door. No response. Duval continued singing, with a shrill obbligato of woman's laughter. Ziegler tried the door. It was unlocked, so he opened it.

The place was a shambles. There were several empty bottles on the floor, and a half-empty gallon jug of red wine on the table. There was a pair of woman's shoes on the mantelpiece, a woman's blouse draped over the floor lamp, and a skirt hanging from Duval's Sunday easel.

Duval was sprawled in an armchair with his hair in his eyes, wine stains on his shirt, and Olivia Brenn on his lap. Olivia was half undressed.

"I was so mad," Ziegler said, "I told them if they didn't stop their racket, I was going to call the police."

The party calmed down immediately. Ziegler went back to his book and fell asleep. He woke up a little before one. He thought Ruby might have come by while he dozed and that he hadn't heard her knock.

He went up to the third floor to see if she was home. The apartment door was ajar, he says, and the light was on, so he looked inside. Ruby wasn't there, but Olivia Brenn was.

Olivia was lying on the floor. At first Ziegler thought she was just drunk, but a second look told him she was dead. Her face was blue and her eyes were bulging.

Ziegler rushed back to his own place to call the police, and that was the end of the story so far as he was concerned.

I haven't got Duval's version yet, as

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apparently he's unemployed no longer. I'll catch him tonight.

Button up well, Carp.

Yours in crime,
Marshall T. Custer

New York, May 17, 1952

Dear Carp:

Was that story I filed last night full of heart interest? It should have been, because as Aeschylus said, "Bronze is the mirror of the form; wine, of the heart." And I tell you confidentially, Carp, that following my talk with Pierre Duval last night I was full of both wine and Aeschylus. Duval is a generous man with both potation and quotation.

I intercepted Duval coming into Minetta Lane with his arms full of bottles. He is a tall, dark guy with droopy eyes, droopy nose and droopy mustache. To those who like mustaches, he is probably handsome. When I said I understood he was a winetaster, he corrected me: "I am an oenologist, sir. An oenologist."

He confirmed that he was no longer an unemployed oenologist. He has been retained by a big keg-to-bottle firm. He is testing wines for acidity, specific gravity, etc., to determine which blend will best hold bubbles of carbon dioxide for synthetic sparkle.

Duval was carrying several bottles of homework, as well as a few little vintage items from France which he had noticed around the shop and on which somebody might want his opinion. One of these was a bottle of Château Margaux which was opened simultaneously with our interview. You will be delighted to hear, Carp, that it was the best Bordeaux I ever tasted.

Well, as we sat there surrounding the Château Margaux and surrounded by Duval's paintings of the Washington Square arch on Sunday, I asked about the orgy on the night of the murder.

"Orgy, my eye!" Duval said. "We were just having a little wine for the stomach's sake. I was celebrating my new job, and Olivia just dropped in to sample the raw materials I was working with."

"Do people usually disrobe when they sample the raw materials of your trade?" I asked.

"Olivia didn't really disrobe," Duval said. "She spilled some wine on her blouse and skirt, and you know how red wine stains if you don't get it out right away. She took off her things to wash out the spots and hung them to dry while we went on sampling. She wasn't undressed, actually. She had her slip on."

"Ziegler says she was sitting in your lap," I reminded Duval. "Was she in love with you or vice versa?"

"We were very good friends," Duval admitted.

Duval said Olivia left him about half past midnight and he fell asleep immediately. He was awakened a little after one by Ziegler running down the stairs, yelling for the police.

Duval said he knew Pallett, the artist. He didn't know if Pallett had been making passes at Olivia beyond the call of artistic duty. He thought not. But Jeanne Woods, Pallett's girl, could have been jealous of the model anyhow—maybe murderously jealous. And Duval quoted at me from the Song of Solomon: "Love is strong as death; jealousy is cruel as the grave."

As for the missing Ruby Loring, Duval said he scarcely knew her. She wasn't his type. She drank beer.

"I don't think Ruby strangled Olivia," he said. "It was a man's job. The finger marks were still on the poor gal's throat when I saw her—big fingers. Ruby was a small girl, like Olivia."

Duval was just pulling the cork out of a tall, tapering bottle of French Rhine wine when there was a knock on the door. It was Detective Kenneth Kilkenny, Homicide Squad.

"Hello, Kilkenny," I said. "I was over to West Twentieth Street today to have a look at the Homicide Squad in its native habitat. I didn't see you anywhere around."

"I was at the morgue," Kilkenny said. "How come we don't see you at the morgue, Custer?"

"The Custer method involves the study of live characters, not dead ones," I told him. "Incidentally, Duval says there were finger marks on Olivia's throat. You wouldn't hold out on me, would you, Kilkenny?"

"You mentioned poison the other night," Kilkenny said. "Do you know the autopsy showed small subcutaneous hemorrhages in Olivia's scalp?"

"That sounds like strangulation," I said. "What else did the autopsy show?"

"The medical examiner's not finished yet," Kilkenny said.

"Not yet? After almost a week? Where I come from we finish an autopsy in an hour."

"I'll bet," Kilkenny said. "We take a month, sometimes. By the way, I turned Pallett and his girl friend loose today."

"Well, well. Exonerated?"

"Not exactly. But he's having a one-man show in his studio tomorrow. Invitations went out three weeks ago, so we'll let the show go on. Too bad you're not invited, Custer. You could sleuth your head off among all the free liquor and freewheeling Village dames."

"I'll be there," I said. "Early."

Duval poured a glass of wine. "How about a beaker of dragon's blood, Minion of the Law?" he said.

"Not while I'm working," Kilkenny said. "Well, good night, all you lovely people. See you in jail."

After Kilkenny left, Duval and I had a few more whiffs of the grape. Just as Duval seemed about to burst into song, I asked him if he had a key to Olivia's apartment. He said no, but the no was partially concealed by a slight eructation, so I said: "In these old houses, I'll bet any key will open all the doors. Let's try."

We tried, and—surprise, surprise! Duval's key did open the late Olivia's door. Duval wouldn't come inside the apartment with me, though. He said he'd wait outside to warn me in case Kilkenny should start gumshoeing up the stairs while I was there.

I just took a quick look around the bathroom. The lone toothbrush was still in the glass over the washstand. I took the brush, popped it into an envelope, and slipped it into my pocket.

I had one more stirrup cup with Duval, then sank my spurs into shanks' mare and galloped home to bed.

Good night to you, dear Carp, and don't forget to take your vitamins.

Yours in crime,
Marshall T. Custer

New York, May 18, 1952

Dear Carp:

Better get that $2,000 bonus check ready and certified. The Olivia Brenn case is in the bag, but Kilkenny threatens to lock me up again if we print the latest before he gives the word, so please consider these details of Pallett's studio party as top secret until I flash you.

The *vernissage*, as we artists call it, was scheduled for five in the afternoon. There was a preview for the press at four thirty, on account of the news value of the pictures modeled by the murdered Olivia and the missing Ruby. So I dropped in at four o'clock sharp to cast an eye over Pallett and his jealous tomato.

Kilkenny was there first, of course—with his hat on. Franz Ziegler was also there, stacking sandwiches like cordwood. One table, devoted to whisky and sausage for the working press and noncommercial artists, was Ziegler's department. A second table, featuring a mosaic of midget cakes around a brass samovar, was for critics and connoisseurs. A third table offered microscopic hors d'oeuvres for dilettantes and possible buyers.

Ziegler had unveiled his *smörgåsbord,* stowed his several reams of waxed paper and other debris in the kitchenette, and departed while I was making friends with Pallett. I didn't even try to get through Jeanne Woods's painted war mask and supplementary hostile grimaces. For my money, her Nile-green hostess pajamas could have been made of cast iron.

Pallett was wearing his artist's uniform of midnight-blue corduroy and Windsor tie. He followed me around while I looked at his canvases. They had a decided blue tone, like Picasso in his Blue Period.

The Brenn nudes were painted with bold, coarse strokes, obviously with the flat of a dry, broad brush. The Ruby Loring magazine covers were done with a fine, glossy finish, every hair in place. But despite the difference in style, the features of the two girls looked pretty much alike—the work of an artist who has struck a vein some art editor likes.

"Free yourself from commercial art, Pallett," I said. "You have talent, but you're in a rut. Everything you paint looks like a cover girl."

"I'll make the break someday," Pallett said.

"You're not getting any younger," I said. "Tempera fugits."

About this time the flash bulbs and whisky corks began popping all over the place. One corner of my jaundiced eye caught Kilkenny sneaking off to the kitchenette. I followed.

The kitchenette was a little bigger than a phone booth. I guess the girl friend didn't do much home cooking for Pallett. The pots and pans had an inch of dust on them. So did the little gas range. Kilkenny opened the oven and I noticed that the roaster inside didn't seem dusty at all. Kilkenny noticed it, too. He lifted the cover off the roaster and took out a tightly wadded bundle of silk.

When he unwadded the silk, a strand of coarse blonde hair fell out. The silk was a lady's slip with little red lips embroidered on the front of it. On the back was a deep red stain as big as a man's hand.

"Looks like blood, Kilkenny," I said. "Let's rush it over to my room. I've got the chemicals to make a quick benzidine test."

"You!" Kilkenny snorted. "If you print one word of this before the murderer is under lock and key, I'll toss you right back in the clink. Go out there and mingle with the guests."

I went out and mingled like a percentage girl with the rent due. I watched artists talking about the pictures with their thumbs. I saw Pierre Duval come in and consume at least 3,000 calories. I saw Kilkenny go out with his evidence in a brown paper bag. Then I sneaked out myself—to write this letter and clean up a few little odds and ends. I am now going back to Pallett's studio.

I expect to file my final story tonight. It should catch the late-afternoon editions. Say your prayers regularly, Carp, and brush your teeth twice a day.

Yours in crime,
Marshall T. Custer

New York, May 19, 1952

Dear Carp:

Received your wire of congratulations, but noted no telegraphic money order attached. Thanks anyhow.

BUTCH

"Oh, all right. We'll buy one on our way to th' hideout. Now will ya come on?"

COLLIER'S — LARRY REYNOLDS

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Well, here's how it all happened: About ten last night Duval and I were sitting among the Duval collection of Washington Square arches on Sunday, testing various methods of dimming the glow we had contracted at Pallett's studio party. We had just about decided on a bottle of rainwater Madeira that Duval had found in some old cellar, when Kilkenny came barging in like six atoms in search of a chain reaction.

Kilkenny waved a yellow teletype message under my nose and yelled: "Damn you, Custer, you go right back to jail. Listen to this: San Francisco Gazette headline—'Gazette Reporter Cracks N.Y. Mystery. Writer Captures Model's Killer Singlehanded.' I told you—"

"You told me not to break the story until the murderer was under lock and key. Well, he is. Right here."

"Nuts, Custer. Duval's not the guy."

"Stop being so mysterious, Kilkenny," I said. "Everybody knows by now that Franz Ziegler killed Olivia. Modulate your voice."

Kilkenny didn't modulate anything. He kept yelling I'd tipped off Ziegler by breaking confidence, and how Ziegler disappeared from his delicatessen three hours ago.

"I've had these buildings surrounded for two days," he shouted. "I don't know how he got through. But I got three hundred men combing the city for him."

"They're combing the wrong places," I said. "Ziegler didn't leave the building. He is now locked in Mr. Duval's genuine antique pre-Revolutionary bathroom. Have a look."

While Duval was unlocking the bathroom, I told Kilkenny how we slipped Ziegler a Mickey. I got Ziegler to come upstairs to taste some genuine Hochheimer and to identify some dime-store earrings I said I thought might be Ruby's. I put a few drops of chloral hydrate in his wine, and when he passed out we laid him in the bathtub.

When we opened the door, Ziegler was still reclining peacefully in the tub, a little damp behind the ears and above the eyes because the leaky shower was dripping on his head. Kilkenny put the cuffs on Ziegler and jumped for the telephone.

"You can tell your side-kicks, Kilkenny," I said, "that they can stop looking for Ruby Loring. Ruby and Olivia were the same person."

"All right, Sherlock Holmes," Kilkenny said when he had hung up. "How did you discover the masquerade?"

I told him it was easy, once I had a good look at the toothbrush. It had traces of two lipsticks on it—Burgundy and tangerine.

"Even in the improbable event that both girls used the same brush," I said, "we must remember that few women brush their teeth while wearing make-up. One exception, yes. But two, living together and using the same toothbrush, is beyond the realm of plausibility. Therefore, Olivia and Ruby were one. The fact that they were never seen together bears this out. So does the striking resemblance of their features in Pallett's paintings.

"I assume that Olivia created the character of Ruby in order to get more work—double work with Pallett, for instance. The anatomical differential, both hair and build, was obviously synthetic, as borne out by the fact that Ruby never posed in the nude. The masquerade started out as a business proposition, but I guess Olivia got carried away by the spirit of the thing and decided to create a private life for each of her incarnations. As the blonde Ruby she was practically living off Ziegler, although she played coy and held him off at arm's length. At the same time she was having fun and games—as Olivia—with Duval.

"After she dined with Ziegler on the night of the murder, the synthetic Ruby took off her blonde wig and her falsies and went down to drink with Duval, as Olivia. But she apparently did not take off the new silk slip which Ziegler had given her. So when Ziegler stormed into Duval's at midnight, he must have recognized Ruby's slip on Olivia, and realized the truth. He then later obviously went upstairs, confronted Olivia with the facts, and killed her in a jealous rage. He took away the slip, the wig and the falsies to prolong the legend of the two separate individuals, and to cast suspicion on the mythical Ruby. By the way, Kilkenny, why don't you look for the wig and falsies?"

"We found 'em the day after the murder," Kilkenny said, "in an ash can in Washington Square."

"Very clever," I said. "So you went on talking about Ruby to give the killer a sense of false security. And by keeping the heat on Pallett and his tomato, you trapped Ziegler into planting the silk slip in Pallett's oven when he delivered the sandwiches today. Am I right, Kilkenny? What do you think of the Custer method now?"

Kilkenny admitted it was okay for fiction, but that my deductions weren't backed by proof that would stand up in court. The police, he said, had scientific basis for the same conclusions. For instance, an analysis of stomach contents during the autopsy showed traces of wine—which Olivia drank—and also cucumber and raspberry seeds, which matched the menu Ziegler said he fed to Ruby. Therefore Ruby was Olivia. And the clincher was the red stain on the slip which turned up at Pallett's. The medical examiner's chemist said it was wine.

"I am dying of curiosity," Kilkenny said, "to know how the Custer method put the finger on Ziegler."

"Why, it just stands to reason," I said. "Pure logic and deduction. Given the set of circumstances and character relationships, it couldn't possibly be anybody else."

"Sure, for a book," Kilkenny said. "But for a jury, you got to have evidence. If I could get a conviction on pure logic and deduction, I would have grabbed Ziegler six days ago. But I had to wait until he furnished me with proof, which he did this afternoon. He left a beautiful set of fingerprints on Henry Pallett's roaster, and on the silk slip. I guess he didn't know we can develop prints off cloth with nitrates and iodine vapor."

So you see, Carp, how unimaginative and uninspired police methods are.

"Furthermore," Kilkenny went on, "since this Ziegler seems to have a jealous and murderous nature, we're going to exhume the late Mrs. Ziegler tomorrow. We may find poison."

"Speaking of poison," Duval interrupted, "how about a drop of this excellent rainwater, Minion of the Law?"

"Rainwater hell," said Kilkenny. "I've finished the job. Pour me a glass of wine."

I'm seeing Joseph Kittle today, and if the learned counselor has got his fee from you and can clear me with the law, I'll see you tomorrow.

Keep your fountain pen filled, Carp, and your checkbook handy.

Yours in crime,
Marshall T. Custer ▲▲▲

Next Week's Fiction

WATER in the WILDERNESS

By PAUL HORGAN

A new story of Fort Delivery, where men and women loved each other, while they fought to hold the Western frontier

The BEGINNING of SOMETHING NEW

By JOHN CAMPBELL SMITH

An author new to Collier's writes of a father's fears for his son's happiness—and how the son found his way alone

DATE for ANOTHER SPRING

By MAURICE BARRANGON

A young nurse had the courage to challenge the authority of a great doctor—even though her career was at stake

CELLULOID NUDE

By HANNIBAL COONS

Dear George, the press agent, gets mixed up with an actress who wants to express herself at all costs. George is supposed to keep the costs down

FAVORITE SON

By WILLIAM R. SCOTT

One of Collier's most popular writers tells a heart-warming story about a boy with a pest of a brother and a grouch of a father, who discovers families aren't as dumb as they seem

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The Coast Guard's Finest

THE DAY THE PENDLETON AND THE

THE midwinter storm crept up the Atlantic Coast and stalled for three days 100 miles east of Nantucket Sound. It knocked down wires on the Massachusetts shore and flung a blizzard across the State of Maine, but its center was at sea. Off Cape Cod, two 10-000-ton tankers about 30 miles apart caught the full force of the blow: 50-foot waves, near-hurricane winds, driving snow. On Monday morning, February 18, 1952, both vessels broke in two, setting off one of the most remarkable rescue operations in the history of the United States Coast Guard.

The storm had given indications of its potential ferocity as early as Saturday, 48 hours before the double disaster. All that day, four Coast Guard cutters, assisted by a big flying boat, had hunted for a missing New Bedford fishing schooner. Late in the afternoon, a piece of a lifeboat from the missing vessel was picked up and identified.

As darkness and the barometer fell, Captain Oliver A. Peterson, of Winchester, Massachusetts, commanding the search from the icebreaker Eastwind, sent the seaplane back to its base at Salem. Although the schooner was presumed lost with all hands (which proved true), the cutters continued the search into the night. Soon they began to report damage from the lunging seas and wild wind, and at last Peterson reluctantly ordered all units to drop the search and concentrate on weathering the storm. All four cutters lay hove to the rest of that night, all day Sunday and Sunday night, with just enough power up to maintain steerageway. That was their situation when orders suddenly came for the all-out rescue operation on Monday morning, when the storm was at its height.

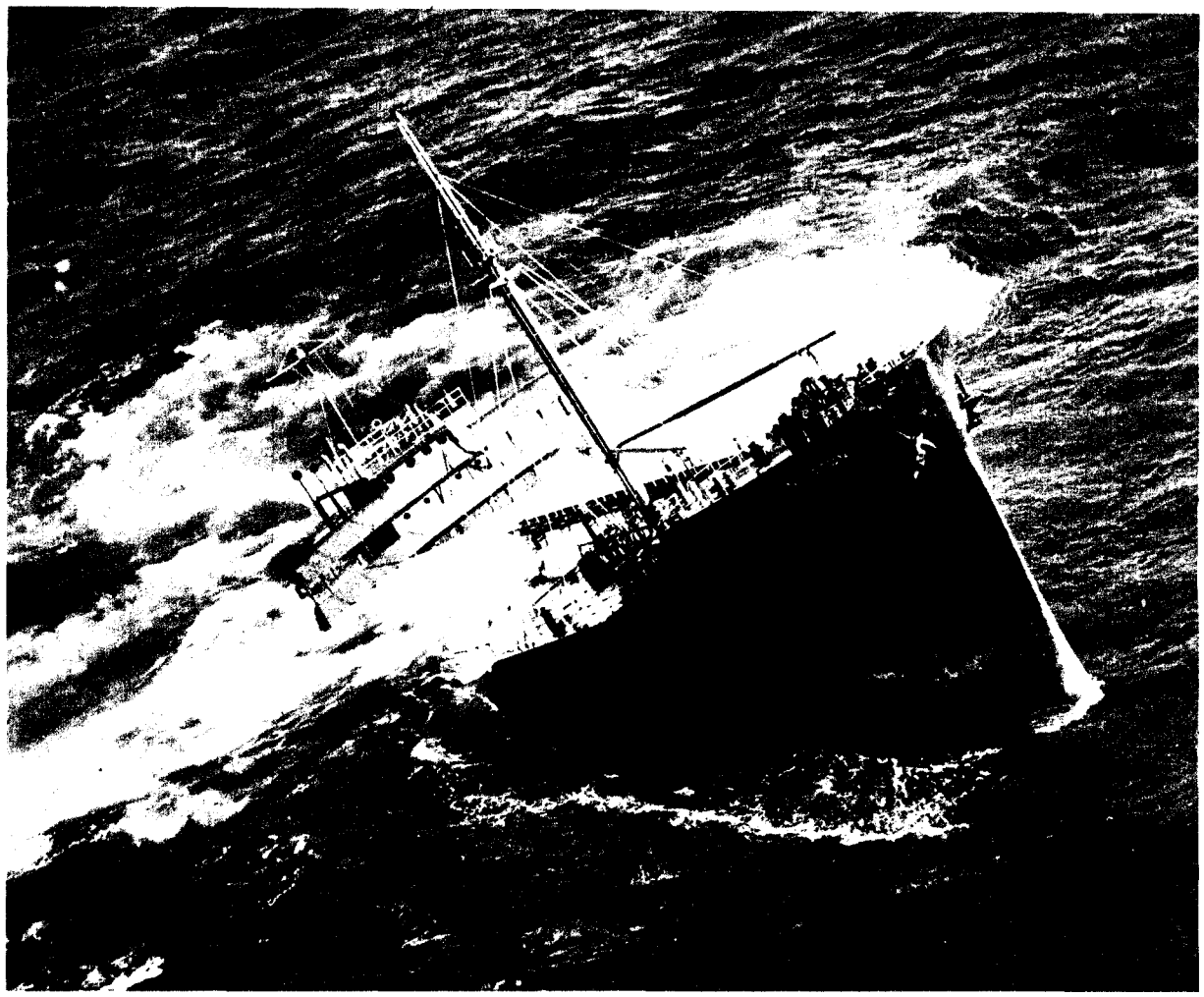
At first, the Coast Guard knew of only one shipwreck. Even after the second split tanker was discovered from the air, almost by accident (its radio had been ruined before a distress message could be sent), officials directing the operation found it hard to believe that they actually had a double disaster to reckon with. Both of the twin 520-foot tankers—the Fort Mercer, heading for Portland, Maine, and the Boston-bound Pendleton—had welded seams and riveted "crack-arresters"; 500 of their type had been built during World War II, and only seven had ever opened up. It was almost incredible that a pair of them should snap in two within six hours, and only a few miles apart—mute testimony to the ferocity of that killer storm.

Although the Pendleton was the second ship located, she was first to break, at five fifty-eight on Monday morning. For eight terrible hours, until she was sighted from the air, not one of the eight men on her bow nor the 33 on her stern had any reason to believe he would live through the day.

"Some of us began to pray," one of the survivors recalls. "It looked as if there was nothing left to depend on except God."

The Fort Mercer began to go at 8:00 A.M. Her captain radioed that his seams had opened and his number five tank was bleeding oil into the sea. Coast Guard short-wave frequencies began to crackle. Far at sea, Captain Peterson started for the scene with the Eastwind and the cutter Unimac. Another cutter, the McCulloch, pulled out of Boston, and the Chatham and Brant Point lifesaving stations began preparing their 36-foot open motor-lifeboats for a possible 40-mile trip to sea.

At noon, the Fort Mercer announced that she had broken up. The cutters Acushnet and Yakutat were ordered out of Portland and Provincetown, and a seaplane from Salem was invited to try its luck at a take-off in the horizontal snow. At Chatham, the first of the small open motor-lifeboats bounced out into the 50-foot waves. The Coast Guard was on the way.



WIDE WORLD

Pendleton broke before SOS could be sent. It was eight hours before disaster was discovered

As it happened, the Military Transport Service cargo carrier Short Splice was first on the scene. She had been running before the storm 20 miles away and had the Fort Mercer in her radar screen when those watching were horrified to see the single image become two. The Short Splice caught up with the tanker's stern section and stood by, unable to help until the storm abated.

The 34 men on the stern and the nine on the bow had already had a scare which almost equaled in horror the moment when the ship cracked. After the breakup, the engines on the stern section had continued to run; by the time they were ordered stopped by chief engineer Jesse Bushnell of Pasadena, Texas, senior officer on the stern, the two sections had become widely separated.

But suddenly the bow, driven by the screaming wind, bore down on the stern and a collision seemed imminent. In a maneuver undoubtedly unique in marine history, Bushnell ordered full speed astern and narrowly escaped being sunk by the front half of his own ship!

All this time, the men of the Pendleton had been adrift in *their* bow and stern, unbeknownst to anyone. Not many miles away, the seaplane from Salem had finally struggled aloft, and, winging through the snow at mast-top height, had followed a radio beam to the cargo carrier Short Splice. The pilot, Lieutenant George W. Wagner, of Weymouth, Massachusetts, circled the stern of the Fort Mercer, and radioed back that its location, as given by the Short Splice, was correct: 38 miles east of Chatham Light. Almost immediately, he received a puzzled message from the Coast Guard District Command at Boston. A bewildering report had just been transmitted by the Chatham lifesaving station on Cape Cod: their radar screen showed two unidentified objects at 5.6 and 5.7 miles off the beach, virtually in their laps!

Seaplane Sent on Perilous Mission

These were, of course, the two sections of the Pendleton. But District Command, still believing that only one tanker was there, ordered Wagner to fly into the beach, pick up a known landmark, and return to the Fort Mercer's stern. This old-fashioned dead-reckoning method was bound to end the confusion surrounding the tanker's whereabouts.

Alert to the possibility of smacking into a summer hotel, Wagner dropped cautiously down through the snow as he approached Cape Cod. He came down over the Pollack Rip Lightship—a fine

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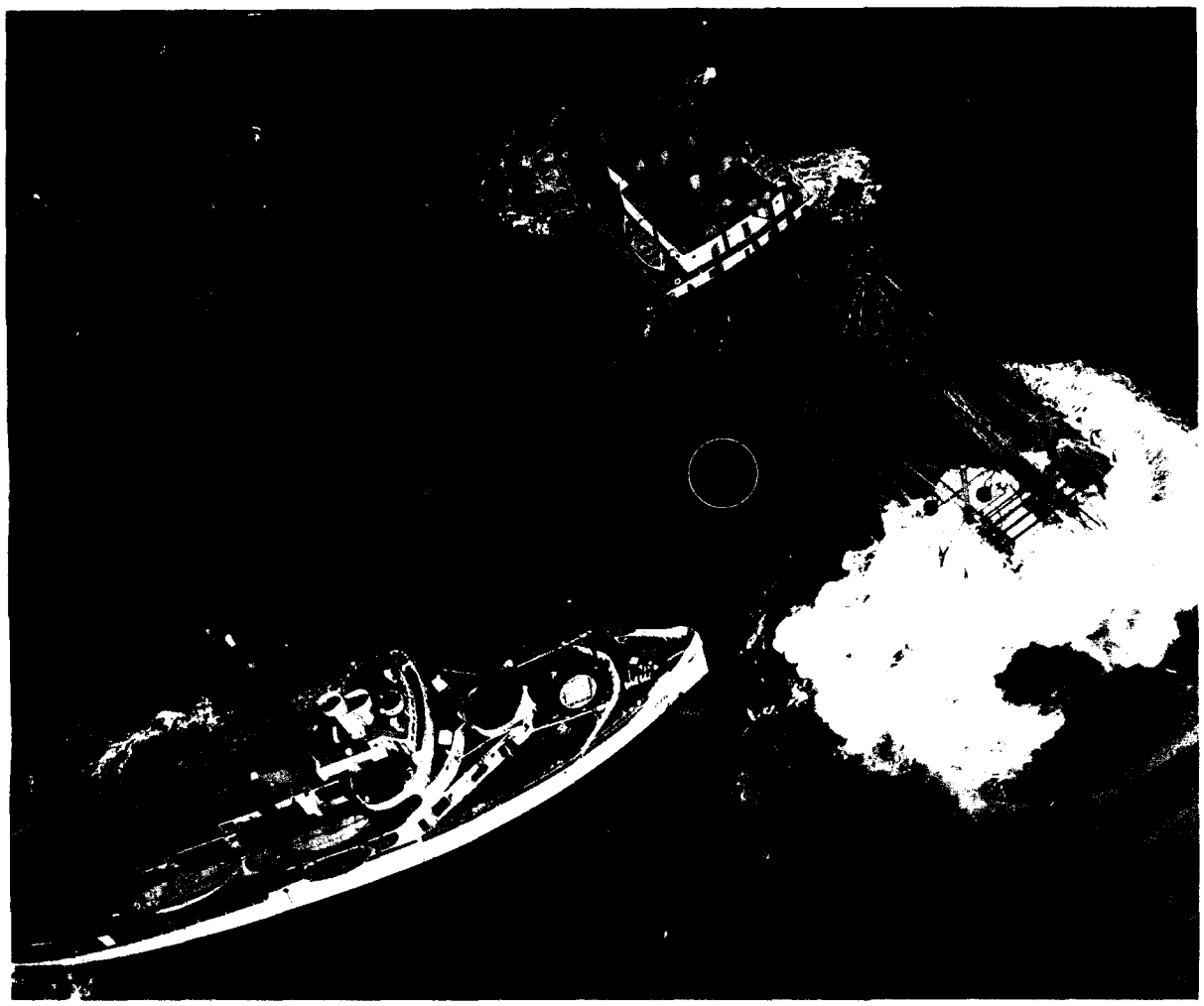
Hour

By TIMOTHY FULLER
And HARRY FRIEDENBURG

FORT MERCER BROKE IN TWO



U. S. COAST GUARD

Coast Guard cutter Eastwind removed marooned men from Fort Mercer's stern by raft (in circle)

check point for his purpose—and was banking around to return to the Fort Mercer when he saw a truly incredible sight: the bow of a tanker wallowing in the sea. Was it possible? He had just left the stern section some 35 miles away. The bow section couldn't conceivably have beaten his plane to the beach! He took another look and blinked with surprise. The superstructure on the Fort Mercer's stern was white; the paint on this bow section was brown: There were *two* broken tankers!

At Boston, Rear Admiral Harold G. Bradbury of that city and his chief of staff, Captain Walter R. Richards, of Bremerton, Washington, their job now doubled, cast about for more rescue shipping. There wasn't much left. Out of New Bedford came the buoy tender Hornbeam, and an 83-foot patrol boat ventured forth from Woods Hole. The cutter McCulloch, out of Boston, changed her course for Chatham.

The Coast Guard rates its 36-foot open motor-lifeboat as unsinkable. Ample opportunity to test this claim fell to chief boatswain's mate Donald H. Bangs, of Chatham, Massachusetts, and his three-man crew. Their lifeboat left Chatham shortly after noon and by two o'clock had fought its way close to the Pollack Rip Lightship, five miles off the beach. Bangs hailed the lightship and was told of the two nearby targets just picked up on radar. (Lieutenant Wagner in his plane was still some time away from making his shocking find.) The lightship implied that someone should check up on his navigation—the two sections of the Fort Mercer weren't 40 miles at sea but right here, conveniently at hand.

So Bangs took off on a new course and presently came upon the bow of a tanker, listing deeply to port, which he had every reason to suppose was that of the Fort Mercer. Holding his tiny boat as steady as he could, Bangs blasted his signal horn. There was no response. Convinced there was no one aboard, Bangs returned to the lightship for a bearing on the stern.

The Pendleton's stern lay well upwind from the lightship, but Bangs had nearly reached it when the cutter McCulloch radioed frantically that she had just come upon the bow. There was definitely life on board, the McCulloch reported; were there any small boats in the area to assist the rescue? Bangs raced back through the growing darkness, sick at his earlier failure to raise anyone.

The bow of the Pendleton was now close to the beach. No one will ever know how many men still lived aboard it when Bangs first arrived. It is known that eight men, including her master, Captain John J. Fitzgerald, of Boston, had been marooned forward when the tanker parted. Only one man was visible in the rays of the cutter's big searchlight when the lifeboat approached. Bangs

WIDE WORLD

Cutter Yakutat rescued last two men from bow of Mercer 19 minutes before it capsized

watched a wave sweep over the lonely figure as he clung to the tanker's rail. Suddenly the man jumped—too soon! Bangs was still far away; there wasn't a chance of picking the man up. With his own tiny searchlight, Bangs swept the area for a terrible hour before he was ordered to give up. Bangs was inconsolable. He still retains a deep—and, in the opinion of officials, unjustified—sense of failure.

At dusk, about the time Bangs was returning to the Pendleton's bow, another 36-footer was pushing out from Chatham. In command of this craft was boatswain's mate first class Bernard C. Webber, of Chatham, Massachusetts. His objective was the Pendleton's stern.

Heavy Seas Almost Swamp Lifeboat

"It was pretty tough going," Webber remembers. "We lost our windshield on the way out and the sea kept sweeping over us. Several times I thought I'd lost my crew, but somehow they managed to hang on. I was strapped to the wheel and was steering mostly by instinct."

Eventually, Webber's boat fought its way to the Pendleton's stern, which towered over the small craft like a wildly pitching four-story building—with 33 soaked, anxious men on the roof. As Webber's light picked out the men at the rail, they tossed a Jacob's ladder over the side and started down it, one at a time.

The rescue plan was simple enough in principle: a man would descend the madly swinging rope ladder, wait until the lifeboat rode the crest of a wave, then drop into the open cockpit. In practice, the operation was fantastically hazardous. First, there was no time to waste; the wrecked stern was rapidly bearing down on Monomoy Point. And the raging sea posed a constant threat: should Webber miscalculate just once, his boat might shatter against the steel sides of the tanker and everyone would be lost. And always there was the black night, the stinging snow and the terrible wind.

Still strapped to his wheel, Webber made 33 straight passes below the ladder.

Four men who dropped into the water were hastily hauled over the side to safety. Others fell heavily into the cockpit as the lifeboat dropped away in the trough of a wave. But every one lived —except the last to go, George (Tiny) Myres.

Tiny, a 350-pound oiler from Avella, Pennsylvania, had been on the bottom of the ladder most of the time, handing his shipmates down. Perhaps his great strength had ebbed by the time his turn came. He fell between the small boat and his ship, and the sea chose that moment to bring the two craft together. He died instantly.

Webber, with three tons of human cargo grossly overloading his boat, turned for the shore. His navigation of the cross-ripped hell of Chatham bar and his return to port without swamping was a masterful feat of seamanship. But Webber, who later received the Coast Guard's most coveted award, the Gold Life-Saving Medal, for that night's work, will tell you that the real hero of the Pendleton rescue was Tiny Myres.

While most of the Pendleton's crew was being

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One thousand brave coastguardmen took part in the rescue operation, hampered by

saved, the cutters were converging on the Fort Mercer, several miles away. The stern of that broken vessel was weathering the storm surprisingly well —listing, but riding high in the water and showing lights. But the bow was in great danger, rolling horribly and showing no lights at all. Obviously, it could go down at any moment. The cutters—rugged, maneuverable vessels equipped for survivor-removal—arrived none too soon.

Cutter Had to Change Course

The first to reach the scene was the Yakutat, sent from Provincetown, at the tip of the Cape. By all rights, the Yakutat should never have been in Provincetown; she should have been in Newport, Rhode Island, 65 miles away. But the storm had prevented her from using the Cape Cod Canal. The Yakutat had been heading around the Cape on an alternate course to Newport when the storm drove her into Provincetown for shelter.

At about midnight, she came upon the tanker's bow, some 60 miles from Provincetown. Two steel doors forward had been knocked in on the way. Commander Joseph Naab, of Sheboygan, Michigan, reported at the time of his arrival that it was snowing hard, with wind at about 55 knots (63 miles an hour) and seas running 30 to 40 feet high.

Naab decided to move in close and try to shoot a line to the nine men who, by flashlight, had signaled from the tanker's spray-covered bridge. A seaplane was dropping flares through the snow and the cutter had its searchlights on, but the Fort Mercer's bow still was a bobbing, dark, difficult target. Naab fired seven lines from all angles, but none of them held. An eighth landed, but broke before it could be used to send across a heavier line. It was a heartbreaking business.

Captain Frederick C. C. Paetzel, of Houston, Texas, and the eight men with him on the Fort Mercer's bow were having desperate troubles of their own. For 13 hours, they had braced themselves in the wheelhouse and watched the deck slant become steeper as the hulk settled, preparing to roll over. Now there was water in the wheelhouse. They would have to get forward, to the high, open deck. The steel ladders from the wheelhouse to the forward catwalk were gone, but the men prepared a guide rope of signal flags and halyards. They went down it one at a time and scrambled up the catwalk between waves. Seven men were successful before radio officer John V. O'Reilly, of Staten Island, New York, missed his timing and was swept into the sea. That left Captain Paetzel, an elderly man who had been caught in his slippers when his ship had twisted apart; he made the icy dash barefooted. Now there were eight to be saved.

Naab had worked his cutter upwind. He had a new scheme: to float three empty life rafts, with life jackets and water lights between them, downwind on a 600-foot line, close enough so the men on the Fort Mercer could jump over the side and catch hold.

Naab inched the unwieldy line into position. Suddenly, the heavy rope broke under the strain, and the three rafts, floating free, raced in toward the tanker. There was no time to warn the seamen on the bow; before the eyes of the horrified cutter crew, four of the men jumped over the side.

COLLIER'S "You won't need a character reference—it's quite obvious you are" BOB BARNES

"It was the worst hour of my life," Naab afterward recalled grimly.

A half hour later, the Yakutat picked up the rafts. They were empty.

"There was nothing more we could do," Naab says now, "so the operation was abandoned until daylight. We just kept praying the hulk would stay up."

Cowering from the snow and wind in the carpenter's shop, the remaining four men on the tanker prayed, too. The younger men took turns rubbing their captain's numbed feet. They were all wet and cold, but they tried to cheer one another by lying about what each honestly believed to be their slim chance of rescue.

By morning, the snow had let up, but the wind and the waves had not. The condition of the bow was perceptibly worse. The time had come for desperate measures. Naab decided to attempt to lower a 20-foot wooden lifeboat; if its crew could get it safely away from the cutter, there might be a chance.

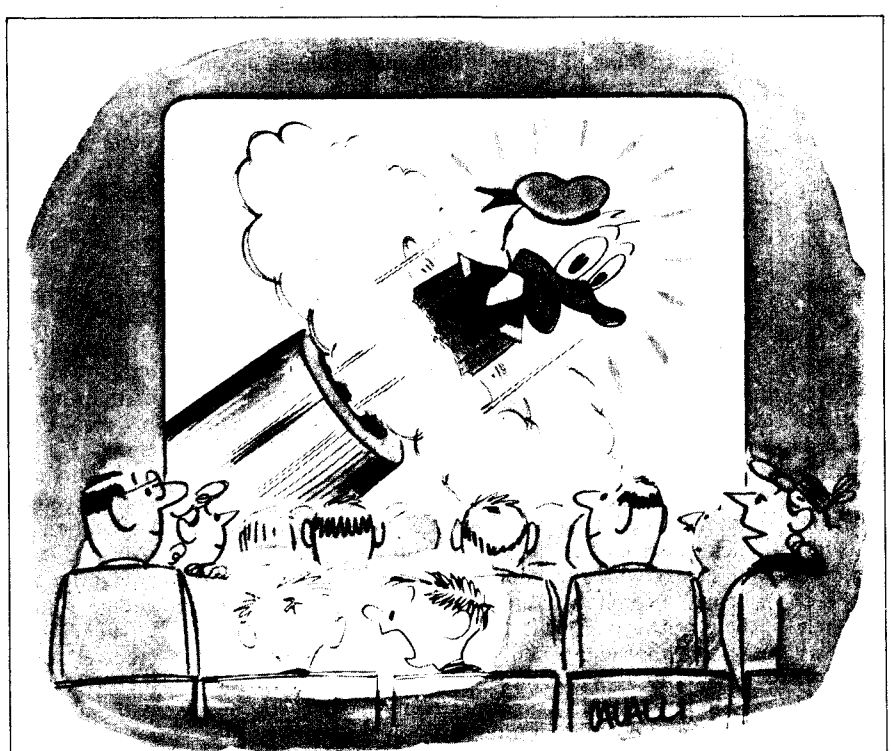
Ensign William R. Kiely, of Long Branch, New Jersey, and four other volunteers turned the trick. They broke loose from the cutter in their tiny boat and struggled toward the tanker. Superior seamanship was demanded simply to keep the lifeboat from swamping on the way. Incredible seamanship was required to bring it in close enough to the jagged plates of the bow so that the men there could leap down into the sea, one at a time, with some chance of getting hauled from the raging water. Kiely swung in and signaled for the first man to jump.

Paetzel came first. He was reluctant to quit his ship, but his men, aware of his near exhaustion, threatened to throw him over if he refused. The captain hit the top of a wave; it broke his fall, and Kiely's crew snatched him. The lifeboat then swung clear for another pass.

As the next man hit the water, a wave caught the lifeboat and lifted it like a cork out of range. Kiely frantically fought his boat around. As he started back for the struggling man, a following sea sent the lifeboat racing in toward the hull. Kiely's crew plucked the man from the water as they swept past, but the lifeboat crashed hard against the tanker's steel plates, crushing the wooden boat's side. With his boat rapidly taking water, Kiely doggedly started around for another try.

Commander Naab stopped him, ordering him to return immediately, before he sank. It was a miracle to the observers on the cutter that Kiely was able to make it back at all, but he was weeping with frustration when he came aboard. (He later got the Gold Life-Saving Medal for his determination, ability and courage.)

The sea was building up again and another lifeboat couldn't be launched. There were two men left to save—and the bow was going fast. Naab moved upwind for another shot with a line. It landed. Down it, on a bight of heavy line, he sent an inflated rubber life raft. Over his bull horn, Naab gave instructions to make the heavy rope fast to the tanker. The first man was to go over the side holding onto the rope and pull himself along it to the raft. The other man would then untie the line, secure it around his waist, and jump. If he couldn't make the raft, both men could at least be hauled in.



COLLIER'S "In the book a piano falls on his head" DICK CAVALLI

Two Exhausted Men on a Raft

The raft bounded wildly 50 yards away from the bow. The first man leaped. After a tremendous struggle, he reached it—only to be dumped out when the raft capsized. Without waiting to untie the line, his shipmate jumped to his rescue. Somehow, the two men fought their way back to the raft. They crawled into it and lay there, spent.

Commander Naab now had a desperate problem to solve. The heavy line was still fast to both vessels, with the raft between. Clearly, the broken bow would go at any moment. Two lives depended on which side of the raft the rope broke on; if it parted near the cutter, the two men would be pulled down with their ship.

Naab decided to force the break, while the tanker was still afloat. If the line snapped in the wrong place, he reasoned, there still might be time to save the men on the raft. Grimly, he put the cutter into reverse; as the propeller churned, the line tightened and rose clear of the water. A moment of unbearable tension, and the rope broke —in the right place!

Coastguardmen scampered over the Yakutat's side as the raft was pulled in, and the two exhausted men were lifted aboard the cutter.

They had had a close race with death. They had spent 24 hours on the broken bow of the Fort Mercer; *nineteen minutes* after they left it, it rolled over!

Forty-five miles to the north, the Fort Mercer's stern was still riding it out, with the cargo carrier Short Splice

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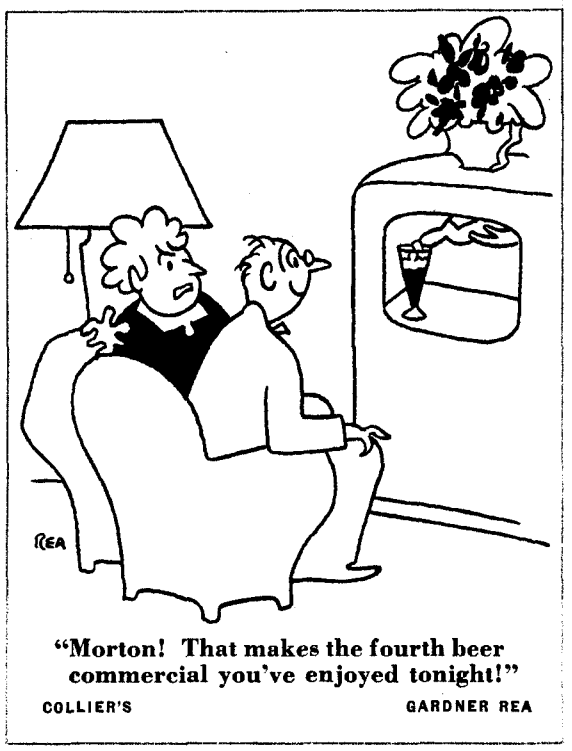
in attendance. At eleven on Tuesday morning, Captain Peterson and the Eastwind arrived. Peterson shot a line to the tanker stern, sent over a walkie-talkie radio set and discussed the situation with Chief Engineer Bushnell of the Fort Mercer.

The stern still held a valuable cargo of oil, and Bushnell felt it could be saved. Peterson radioed the vessel's owners and was informed that two ocean-going tugs had been dispatched to take the tanker in tow. Nevertheless, Bushnell reported, a number of his crew desired to be removed from the hulk forthwith.

Moving up to within 50 yards of the tanker, Peterson began the dangerous job of getting the men off by life raft, one at a time. He had two aboard, at 1:45 P.M., when the small cutter Acushnet, out of Portland, appeared.



"Morton! That makes the fourth beer commercial you've enjoyed tonight!"

COLLIER'S GARDNER REA

The Acushnet had been ordered to sea at noon the day before. At the time, she had been laid up, with her engines partially dismantled and her crew scattered throughout the snowbound city of Portland. Yet three hours later she was on her way, with every man of the crew aboard.

The Acushnet's skipper, Lieutenant Commander John M. Joseph, of South Portland, Maine, now surveyed conditions at the Fort Mercer's stern. Knowing his smaller ship to be more maneuverable than the Eastwind, Joseph requested—and received—permission from Captain Peterson to try going in alongside the tanker.

Joseph let the Acushnet drift toward the Fort Mercer. Then, turning his bow out and easing his stern quarter toward the larger vessel, he closed the gap. The trick was to get near enough for a man to jump across and still keep the two wildly rolling, pitching ships from grinding together. The Acushnet got five men on her first pass; then the sea knocked her out of position. Joseph signaled full speed ahead and circled around again.

"This time I really had it," he remembers with satisfaction. "My ship came right in on the Fort Mercer's stern section and I held her there while we took off 13 more. We could have taken everyone on board on that pass, but no one else wanted to leave."

All the sea-wise spectators who witnessed Joseph's feat agreed afterward that it was one of the finest exhibitions of seamanship they had ever seen.

That completed the four rescue missions. Now a grim reckoning could be made.

All eight men, including the captain, were lost from the Pendleton's bow. Thirty-two men were saved by Webber from the same ship's stern, with Tiny Myres the lone fatality. The Yakutat had taken four men from the Fort Mercer's bow, losing the four who had jumped for the rafts, plus Radio Officer O'Reilly, who was washed over the side. There were no casualties from the stern, where Peterson took three and Joseph 18.

So, of the 84 victims of the storm, 14 died, 57 were rescued and 13 remained on the Fort Mercer's stern section, which was safely towed into New York for rebuilding. Both sections of the Pendleton went onto the beach, while the overturned bow of the Fort Mercer was later sunk by gunfire as a menace to navigation.

More than 1,000 coastguardmen had participated in the rescue operation. Last May, 24 of them went to Washington to receive awards in the largest mass-decoration ceremony in the history of the Coast Guard, a service notably tightfisted with its medals and ribbons. Here is the honor roll:

The Gold Life-Saving Medal: Webber, Kiely and the three members of Webber's crew, Richard P. Livesey, of Wilmington, Massachusetts; Andrew J. Fitzgerald, of Whitinsville, Massachusetts, and Ervin E. Maske, of Long Island City, New York.

The Silver Life-Saving Medal: Gilbert E. Carmichael, of Dallas; Paul R. Black, of Pittsburgh; Edward A. Mason, Jr., of Maynard, Massachusetts; Webster G. Terwilliger, of Los Angeles.

Coast Guard Commendation Ribbons: Commander Joseph of the Acushnet; Bangs and his three crewmen, Antonio F. Ballerini, of East Boston, Richard J. Siccone, of Providence, and Emory H. Haynes, of Cambridge, Massachusetts; John J. Courtney, of Philadelphia; John F. Dunne, of Rockville, Rhode Island; Phillip M. Griebel, of Portland; Roland W. Hoffert, of Bethlehem, Pennsylvania; Eugene W. Korpusik, of Detroit; Ralph L. Ormsby, of Orleans, Massachusetts; Dennis J. Perry, of Portland; Donald E. Pitts, of Kansas City, Missouri; Alfred J. Roy, of Nantucket, Massachusetts; Herman M. Rubinsky, of Brooklyn, New York.

These and hundreds of other brave men had engaged in one of the most stirring maritime rescues of recent years, a cool gamble which pitted their skill against the worst terrors that the sea had to offer—and paid off with the lives of a number of seamen who apparently had been destined for certain death. ▲▲▲

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by Charlotte Edwards

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WHAT is the real meaning of marriage? Here is the saga of Eleanor and Mike Pierce who face life together...from small apartment to owning a home...from peace to war to peace again...from childlessness to the rearing of a son. And how aching separation and illness, quarrels and hard silence, disappointments and talk of divorce almost force them to the breaking point. But never quite. And of the rich reward they win when the two become one. Complete in the January issue.

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Carrying away seed, nuthatch cuts electric ray, takes own picture

As nuthatch accelerates, camera freezes wings doing 30 beats per second

BIRD WATCHING WITH AN

Most bird lovers must go to the woods for their fun, but this ingenious fa

Proving fast-action bird pictures can be made without electric eye, Greenewalt stopped bluebird "by hand" as it left its nest

WHEN Crawford H. Greenewalt, a chemical engineer, became president of the Du Pont organization a few years ago, he made a disturbing discovery: he had taken on a 24-hour-a-day, seven-day-a-week job. There seemed no escape from business.

But one morning while dressing in his big house near Wilmington, Delaware, he was drawn to his bedroom window by the chatter of birds. As he watched them, he got an idea which gave him a hobby and produced the remarkable pictures of birds on these pages.

By no means did the answer come "just like that." It took a good 18 months working with Victor F. Hanson, a Du Pont electronics engineer, and professional photographer Jack Alexander, before he got black-and-white pictures of birds in flight that pleased him. After two years of work, he still isn't satisfied with his color photographs and only reluctantly allowed Collier's to publish for the first time some of the hundreds he has taken.

A lot of meticulous experimenting went into Greenewalt's technique; a lot more is constantly going into it. But at the moment, this is how a busy man of science and industry gets his bird watching done:

Bird food (Greenewalt finds peanut butter and sunflower seeds most effective) is placed on the balcony outside the bedroom window on a small wooden tray seven inches long and two and a half inches wide. A support raises the tray three feet above the balcony floor and about four feet from one of a pair of glass doors opening into the

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Banking for landing, returning nuthatch is caught at 1/3,000th of second

Chickadee, like other color shots, was taken with "miniature" camera

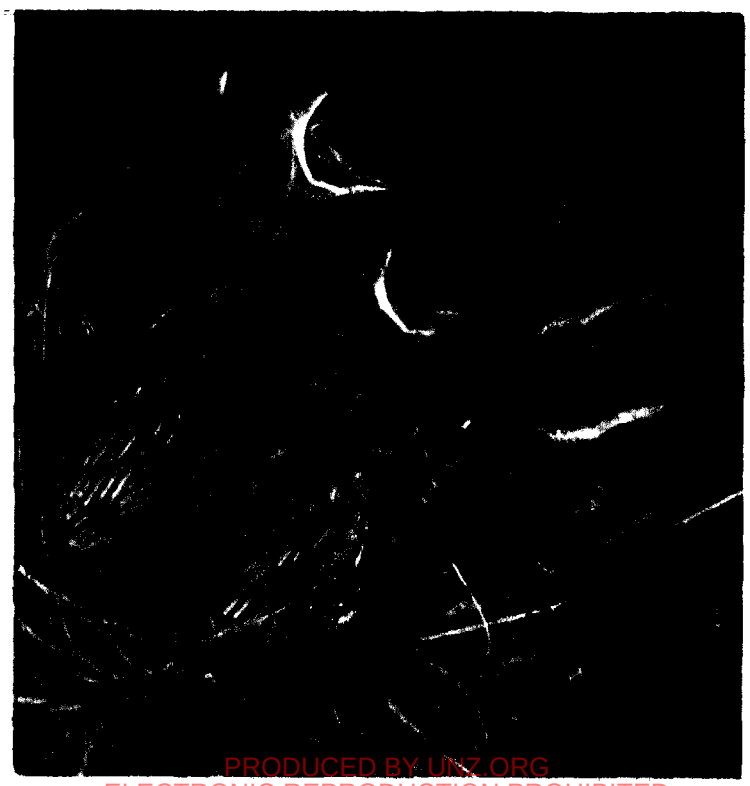
ELECTRIC EYE

By WILLIAM S. DUTTON

as birds bring their own pictures right outside his bedroom window

This baby longtail in Bermuda looked bravely into camera lens three feet away

Hungry young sparrows open wide at feeding time. Extremely bright strobe lights, 18 inches from nest, didn't faze them



Returning to nest, bluebird brings a fat caterpillar to its young ones inside

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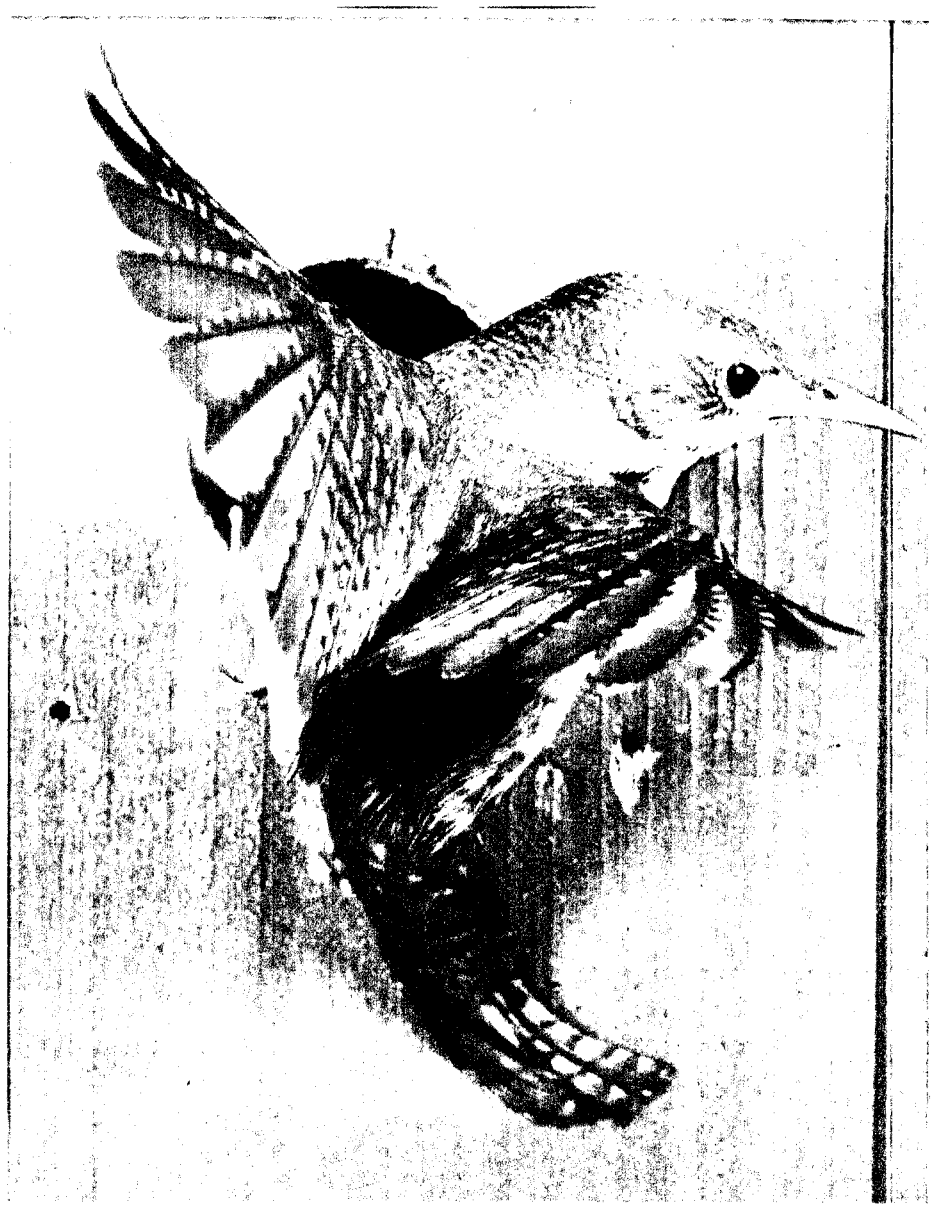
Adult wren (above) looks out of house, baby wren gets food (below) in shots Greenewalt says any good amateur can make with flash bulbs



These rare ultrafast pictures of wrens leaving a house had to be made with electric-eye-activated stroboscopic lights at 1/25,000th of a second

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. . and the trick is in the mirror

house. Behind the door a camera is set low on a tripod and precisely focused. Beyond the feeding tray, is a two-and-a-half- by four-foot plywood board, standing upright on supports that raise it to a height of four and a half feet. It is painted sky blue.

A small glass mirror is attached to the top edge of the board. The mirror faces down toward a metal box on the floor. The box has two eyelike windows three inches apart. From one a beam of light is aimed upward to the mirror's face. There, it is reflected sharply down again to the second window. The light forms a steeple about three feet high with the box as its base, the mirror its pinnacle.

When a bird interrupts either shaft of light forming the steeple, a photoelectric cell in the box closes a switch. By wires, electric impulses shoot to the camera behind the glass door and on to a special source of bright lights. The camera's shutter is tripped, the lights are fired, and the bird has taken its own picture.

Ordinary flash bulbs are much too slow for photographing birds in flight. High-speed stroboscopic or "strobe" lights are necessary. Greenewalt has one which delivers its highly concentrated light in 1/2,000 of a second, and another which can stop the action that occurs during 1/25,000 of a second. All the pictures shown here were taken with strobe lights. With slower lights the birds' beating wings would be little more than blurs.

Greenewalt's device makes it possible to photograph birds taking off in flight. By the usual hand method of triggering the camera, if you are quick you can record birds alighting at a feeding station or nest. Only by rare luck can the human hand and eye catch birds after the take-off—there is not enough warning.

Autumn, winter and spring, Greenewalt and his wife, the former Margaretta du Pont, entertain and are entertained by their feathered guests. In summer, the balcony is virtually deserted. "It isn't that the birds get tired of posing," says a visitor, "they're off in the woods where food is plentiful—and they're bringing up babies to sit for their pictures come fall." ▲▲▲

Titmouse which came down for tempting peanut-butter bait had a difficult time taking off again when foot got stuck

One of fastest pictures ever made of a small bird shows a chickadee taking off. Four stages were made on one film

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LOWELL HESS

Christmas Greetings, Self-Service Style

A Christmas card we'd like to send
To each and every Collier's friend,
To all our readers everywhere,
But frankly, readers, we despair
Of being able to devise
A Christmas card to crystallize
The sentiments of everyone—
The joy, the holiness, the fun
So typical of Christmastime.
And so the purpose of this rhyme
Is to direct attention to
The yuletide symbols placed on view
Above these lines—a Christmas tree,
Old Santa Claus with full goatee,
A wreath of holly, mistletoe,
A yuletide window all aglow,
Some carolers a-singing hard
(They always help a Christmas card),
Cherubic, chubby angels smiling,
(They warm the heart and they're beguiling),
Some falling snow, some bells a-ringing,
A dove of peace from heaven winging,
The Star of Stars that tells the story
Of Christmas and its ancient glory.

Those yuletide symbols help convey
Most of the things we'd like to say
To all our readers—you and you,
And you and YOU, to name a few
Of our big fam'ly (more'n three million)
To whom we offer by the billion
Our wishes for a Christmastide
Designed to leave you happy-eyed.

Arrange those symbols shown above,
The Old Familiars that we love,
Until *in toto* they suggest
The Christmas card that you like best,
And *feel* that we have sent you same
And signed it with the Collier's name.

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If you like beer... You'll Love Schlitz

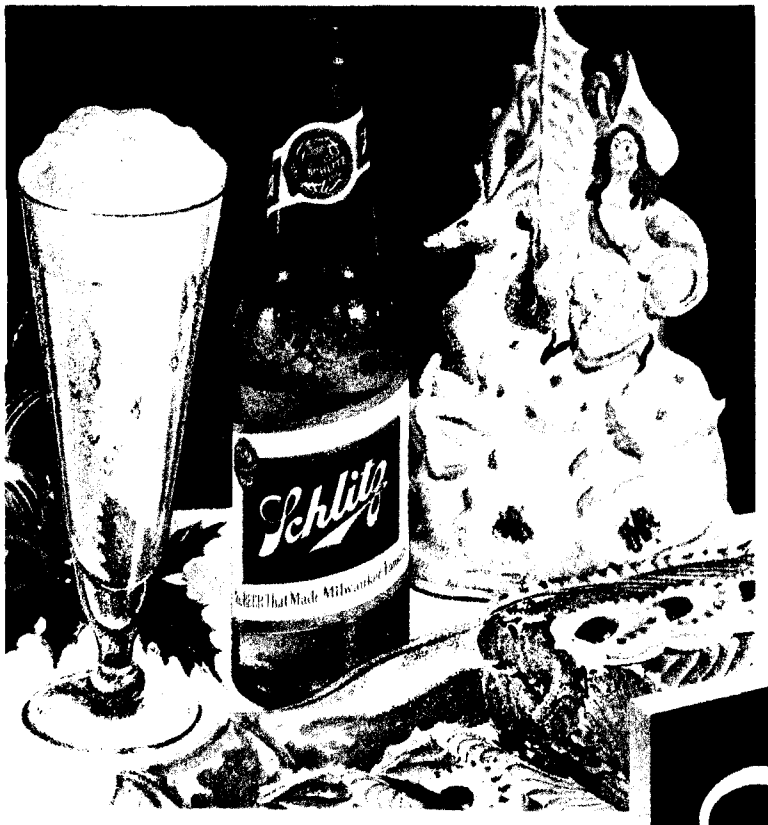
'ROUND THE CLOCK and 'round the calendar—from one day to the next—the *matchless flavor* of Schlitz is protected by hundreds of special quality safeguards.

So when you taste a glass of Schlitz, you *always* recognize the *same* quality of greatness that belongs to Schlitz and Schlitz alone.

Never bitter, never harsh—every smooth and mellow sip of Schlitz has that light, dry and winsome flavor enhanced by "just the *kiss* of the hops."

That's why more bottles and cans of Schlitz are sold—*millions more*—than any other beer.

Sales prove Schlitz is the beer the world loves best.



HOW THE MATCHLESS FLAVOR OF SCHLITZ IS PROTECTED

Clear glass offers no protection from the harmful rays of light. Research demonstrates that the Brown Bottle (pioneered by Schlitz) gives beer protection just as an awning gives protection from the damaging rays of sunlight.

Schlitz®

ON TV EVERY WEEK—the popular Schlitz "Playhouse of Stars." See your newspaper for time and station.

First in Sales

The Beer that Made Milwaukee Famous

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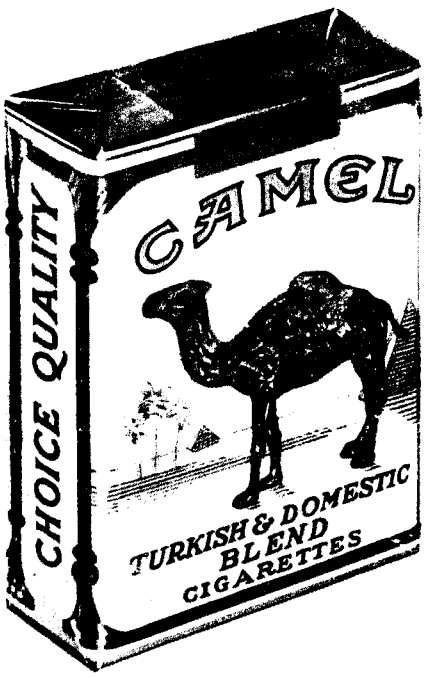
"I'VE GIVEN CAMELS THE TEST OF TIME", says VAUGHN MONROE

"I've smoked Camels for years and they've never stopped giving me pleasure. They're mild and rich tasting—pack after pack!"



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LINDA DARNELL made her own 30-day Camel mildness test and found that, for steady smoking pleasure, no other cigarette comes up to Camels.

FRED FORDHAM, newsreel photographer, has smoked Camels for 20 years. He keeps right on enjoying Camel's flavor and mildness, week in and week out!

START YOUR OWN 30-day Camel mildness test today. You'll enjoy your first Camel and you'll *continue* to enjoy them, pack after pack, week after week!

YES, there's a reason why Camels outsell all other brands by billions of cigarettes per year . . . why more people find steady, week-in, week-out pleasure in smoking Camels.

Try Camels as *your* steady smoke—smoke only Camels for 30 days. You'll see that Camel's exclusive blend of costly tobaccos brings you rich flavor, cool mildness, real smoking pleasure—pack after pack, week after week!

R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co., Winston-Salem, N. C.

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